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# A YANKEE

AMONG THE

## NULLIFIERS:

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

*Elmwood*  

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BY ELNATHAN ELMWOOD, ESQ.  

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And now the victor stretched his eager hand,  
Where the tall *Nothing* stood, or seemed to stand ;  
A shapeless shade it vanished from his sight,  
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.  
*Pope's Dunciad.*

SECOND EDITION.

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1833.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, in  
the Clerk's office of the Southern district of  
New-York.



AS  
1764  
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1833  
MAIN

TO THE

HONORABLE TRISTRAM BURGESS.

The friend of Equal Rights, the untiring champion of American Industry, and skilful defender of "YANKEE NOTIONS:" with admiration for his statesman-like qualities, his fearless oratory, and effective wit, this volume is respectfully dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

ELMWOOD RETREAT, }  
Feb. 1, 1833. }

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## PREFACE.

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In the numberless edifying stories related at the South, of the encounter of Northern and Southern wits, in the way of trade, one thing is constantly to be observed—namely, that the Southern man is caught by the artifices of the Northern one; he is the dupe. It follows of course, that the Yankee is the better man of the two; at least, here is an acknowledgment of the efficiency of his head, whatever may be alleged of the obliquity of his heart.

But these, it is to be recollected, are Southern pictures; and though abundantly flattering to the acuteness of the North, yet the lion is not the painter. The reader will doubtless bear this in mind in the perusal of the following pages; and if he find any story or anecdote of “Yankee tricks,” bordering close upon the improbable, and at the same time not particularly complimentary to Yankee honesty, he will remember such anecdote is of Southern origin, and allow it as much credence as he can afford.



# A YANKEE

## AMONG THE NULLIFIERS.

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### CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—BIRTH—EDUCATION—PROFESSIONAL STUDIES—FALLING IN LOVE.

THE Americans are essentially a moving people. A man cannot long be contented in the same spot ; and the son rarely stays and vegetates on the ground where his father flourished. This is particularly true of the people of New England. The tide of emigration is constantly flowing to the South and the West. Into one or the other of these currents, the sons of the pilgrims, led on by a spirit of enterprise, or a desire of change, are very apt to fall. Such was the case with me—but before I come to this part of my story, it may be well to say something of my birth, parentage, and education.

My ancestors, as far as I can discover, were among the first people in the world. I need not

say more ; and a proper regard for the dignity of my descent, would not permit me to say less. But whatever of fame or fortune my early progenitors might have enjoyed, either before or since the flood, it never came, to my certain belief, within twenty generations of me. Therefore I had to begin, as the lawyers say *de novo*, and be my own purveyor of whatever fortune or distinction I at present enjoy. But Hercules is ever ready to aid those who in earnest put their shoulder to the wheel.

I was born in Massachusetts, somewhere about forty miles from Boston, and somewhere about the beginning of the present century. Though my parents were in very humble circumstances, and could neither wear fine clothes nor afford them to their children ; they nevertheless had a proper sense of the value of that inward adorning, which as far surpasseth all outward show, as the productions of the ablest pen exceed the gilt leather in which they are enclosed. Accordingly they gave us—all they could—the opportunity of a common school education ; and taught us both by precept and example, the advantages of a pure and spotless life.

But a common school education did not satisfy me. I had heard of Colleges, where the pupil could quaff from the pure fountains of Greece and

Rome ; and I had set before me, as examples of learned perfection, the lawyer and the clergyman of our town, who seemed to my youthful fancy to be all that was great, not only in law and divinity, but likewise in ancient and modern lore.

Alas ! they were the last of the cocked hats and the bob wigs. The long grass now waves above them ; yet never shall I forget the admiration and the reverence wherewith I used to behold them and listen to their oracular tongues, the one, as he cited many a learned precedent in favour of his client's cause ; and the other, as he stood in the pulpit, giving me the best idea I have ever had of that passage in Homer,

“Shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of a god :”

for such almost, if not quite, was the effect, in the days of my childhood, of the reverend appearance and sacred function of the pastor of the flock. But, with the silver-gray wig and three cornered hat, have passed away a great part of the awe and veneration, which once attached to the clerical character.

With such examples before me, to say nothing of other learned men whom I had chanced to read of, I resolved on going to College. But how was I to get there ? My father, as I have

said, did all he could when he gave me the advantages of a common school education; and I had no rich relations or beneficent friend to take me by the hand and lead me to the goal of my desires. I had nothing to do but to wait patiently till I should become a man, and then look out for myself. I had got learning enough to teach a school; and I determined that my winter earnings should support me in my summer studies.

The elder Adams had been a schoolmaster; and the Declaration of Independence did not come from his tongue with a whit the less force for having employed that tongue in communicating to childhood and youth the rudiments of knowledge. Other illustrious examples were not wanting of men, who, in early life had taught others in order to acquire the means of being taught themselves. In fact it was a common thing, and so continues to this day, for the native students of New England to support themselves in whole, or in part, at college, by taking upon them temporarily the duties and vexations of a schoolmaster; and with due deference to those, if any there be, who think otherwise, I must declare that I know of no more honorable employment than that of improving the minds and morals of the rising generation; and if one



nation exceeds another in true greatness and substantial glory, it is that where the schoolmaster is most abroad in the land.

But enough of this. I taught a country school ; birched my scholars as much as was necessary for my own quiet and their improvement ; went to College at Cambridge ; kept bachelor's hall, the better to husband my resources ; lost no time in idle amusements ; attended prayers regularly night and morning ; was never rusticated, fined, or censured, for robbing a hen-roost, cutting the bell-rope, or enacting any other college pranks whereby certain young men are exceedingly fond of distinguishing themselves, but which distinction ever seemed to me at best only a " bad eminence. "

In short, I graduated with honor. My mind was stored with Latin and Greek, but my pocket was destitute of pence. I very naturally therefore fell into the tide of emigration, and taking the Southern current, soon found myself located in the land of cotton and rice, of hot heads and generous hearts, of republican theory and aristocratic practice.

My first employment was that of teaching

" the young idea how to shoot."

in the family of Colonel Peterson, a rich planter in South Carolina. From this I soon studied law. The Colonel, with true Southern beneficence, taking me generously by the hand, supplying my pecuniary wants, patronizing my first professional efforts, and leading me forward in the world.

In the neighborhood lived another planter, who had an only daughter, some sixteen or seventeen years of age. Mr. Harrington not agreeing with Dr. Johnson, that "one tongue is enough in all conscience for any woman," would needs have his daughter instructed in the rudiments of Latin. I accepted the task—task do I call it? Heaven forgive the word! and I hope Henrietta will forgive it too. I must say I never before had so agreeable a pupil, or one whom I thought it so little of a task to teach. It was not that she jabbered Latin more fluently, or gave a more accurate translation than others; it was not that she paid more attention to her studies, or recited longer lessons than they; but somehow or other she was the most interesting pupil I ever had; and I could have instructed her from morning till night and from night till morning again, if necessary, without the least feeling of irksomeness or fatigue.

But Henrietta Harrington, though young enough to learn, was old enough to teach. She taught me how to love. She had the pleasantest way in the world, too, of doing it, such archness of manner—such playful simplicity—such charming naivete—such a charming way of giving her instructions! I in turn became her pupil—my heart responded to her teachings—though my reason assured me that I should have to encounter the prejudices of her family and friends.

Never shall I forget the day when I first undertook to learn her the variations of the verb *amo*. “How do you decline *amo*, to love?” said I.

“*Amo*, to *love*,” said she, “I’m sure I shall never *decline* it in the world.”

“I beg your pardon, Miss,” said I, feeling the force of the implied emendation—“be good enough to *conjugate* it then?”

“I’ll try,” said she, “with all my heart.”

Though Henrietta and myself, with that expressive language of love, which requires few words, perfectly understood one another, it was not deemed prudent, under existing circumstances to make any open parade of our affections. I had still to complete my professional studies, and then make my way in the world by dint of practice. I well knew that Mr. Harrington would never

consent to give his daughter to a penniless man ; and as a penniless one, I was resolved not to ask it.

If any thing could ever reconcile me to the life of a schoolmaster, it would be the having a charming young lady for a pupil ; and were I President of the United States, I doubt very much whether I should enjoy the office so much as I did that of tutor *pro tem.* to Miss Henrietta Harrington. As for her father, he was too much engaged in politics, State Rights, and Nullification, to have leisure or thought for so small a matter as the possibility of his daughter falling in love with a Yankee schoolmaster.

## CHAPTER II.

### RUNNING FOR CONGRESS—A STUMP SPEECH— A DEFEAT.

I had now commenced the practice of law ; I was successful in getting clients, and fortunate in gaining causes. I even began to be looked to as a man of some political consequence, and as the probable candidate for the favors of the people. In a word, I was urged to run for Congress, I felt flattered with these proofs of the good opinion of my clients and neighbors. I always considered it an honest ambition to strive for power, where one can benefit mankind ; and according to the custom of my adopted State, I announced myself as a candidate for a seat in the National Legislature.

But I was not so fortunate as to run alone. I was opposed by Major Harebrain Harrington, a distant relation of my charming pupil : and a red hot Nullifier. The following is an extract from his stump speech, as reported at the time, in the *Thunder and Lightning Gazette*.

“ Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens,” said he, “I

hold that every man's sentiments should be written on his forehead with a firebrand, so that the blazing characters may be read by him who rides the winged whirlwind, without ever missing a word.—[*Bravo! Bravo! and immense applause.*]

“You know, gentlemen, I have always acted on this principle. You know what my opinion has hitherto been in relation to State Rights and the unconstitutionality of the Tariff. What I have more than once declared to you, I still declare—that the Tariff—the accursed Tariff is unconstitutional—oppressive—tyrannical. It is a Yankee measure.

“I am opposed to the protection of American manufactures. If I thought there was in this heart one drop of blood in favor of the encouragement of home industry, I would let it out—yes, gentlemen, I would let it out—but I would go to the world's end before I would make use of an American knife to let it out. No Patriot, no friend to his country, no advocate for State rights will be so base as to use a protected article. For my part I would not hang a dog with an American rope.

“What right, gentleman, have the Yankees to the protection of their looms, their spinning jennies, their wooden nutmegs, their horn gun-flints,

their tin side-saddles and all the cursed notions that are now protected by the accursed Tariff? Is one part of the country to be built up at the expense of another? Are the money-catching, penny-saving, tin-peddling, notion-vending, never-idle Jonathans of the East to be for ever making money, hand over fist, and getting rich as Cræsus, while we, the highminded gentlemen of the South, who are above touching our fingers to any thing in the way of labor or business, are daily becoming poorer and poorer, and hastening with the speed of lightning to the goal of ruin? And what is all this owing to?—Clearly to the protection of manufactures.

“The Tariff, gentlemen, is unconstitutional, and any body may see with half an eye—nay, without any eyes at all—that what I assert is true. Nevertheless, gentlemen, I will prove it to you as clear as the noon day sun. Any law that operates more oppressively upon one portion of the community than another is unconstitutional; the Tariff operates harder upon the planters than the manufacturers: *ergo*, the Tariff is unconstitutional [*Bravo! Bravo! and great applause.*]

“The people of the North deny that we have the right of deciding on the constitutionality of the United States laws. But fellow Citizens you

all know perfectly well that we of the south possess that right. It was guaranteed to us by the federal compact.

“What! shall a sovereign and independent State, which entered into a free and voluntary league with certain other States, for the erection of a general government, be bound, *nolens volens*, by the acts of that government? What! shall a state of the chivalrous and high minded South be restrained by, or acknowledge allegiance to a power which she herself helped to create? Shall she be compelled to pay duties on the products of foreign countries, for the benefit of such as are grown or manufactured at home?

“Perish the whole Union first! Perish the Constitution and the laws! Perish the Yankees, with all their cotton mills, their patent inventions, and their infernal notions for robbing us Southern gentlemen of our money! Sooner would I see the Union burst to atoms, and the fragments blown beyond the utmost bounds of interminable space; sooner would I see the moon turn to fire and the sun quenched in the ocean; sooner would I see the devil fly away with the whole country, and South Carolina to boot, than longer submit to such a state of things.

“What! gentlemen, shall we who grow



cotton be subjected to all the burdens of the Tariff? Ay, gentlemen, I say all---for I take it to be perfectly demonstrable that we of the South do actually pay all the duties. The Yankees to be sure, with all their cunning and disregard of truth, will tell you that the consumer pays the duties; and that each individual bears the burdens just in proportion to the amount of dutiable articles which he consumes. But I tell you gentlemen, that this is a false theory, introduced merely to suit the interests and views of the Tariff men. The only true and rational theory is that which makes the producer pay all the duty.

“For instance now, I, a citizen of the sovereign State of South Carolina, grow forty bales of cotton; while Peter Pumpkin, a citizen of Connecticut consumes in his family forty hogsheads of molasses. Peter is a manufacturer of cotton goods which are protected by a duty of forty per cent ad valorem; is it not perfectly clear then, that I who grow the forty bales of cotton, am saddled with the whole burden of duty levied on the forty hogsheads of molasses consumed by Peter Pumpkin? I think, gentlemen, you will all agree with me that this theory is perfectly correct. Hence it follows, that

the more cotton a Southern Planter raises the greater is the amount of duties which he is compelled to pay.

“Heavens ! shall we submit to such a state of things ? Shall the high-minded gentlemen of the South, who grow cotton, be taxed for the benefit of the vile, penny-saving, notion-peddling Yankees, who thrive on pork and molasses ? Perish the whole universal Yankee nation ! fall every cotton mill ! die every sheep ! strike fire every horn gun flint, and blow the whole to the devil ! before we will submit to such a state of things ! “What then shall we do, gentlemen and Fellow-Citizens ! What shall we do, did I say ! Why the case is perfectly clear : NULLIFY ; I say NULLIFY. [*Nullify ! nullify ! responded from a hundred voices.*] Gentlemen, it is highly gratifying to know that you respond to me in sentiment. I say again, gentlemen, that we must resort to Nullification. We must refuse to pay duties. What ! shall Congress have a right to enact a law which South Carolina has not an equal right to abrogate ? Heaven forefend ! This right is clearly guaranteed by the Constitution. It is among our *reserved rights*; and we will blow the Union to atoms sooner than we will yield one jot or tittle of it.

“The Constitution of the United States has provided, that whenever a law of Congress shall be deemed obnoxious to the citizens of any State, that shall have a right, in its sovereign capacity, to declare such obnoxious law null and void---or in other words, to nullify it. If such were not the case, the Constitution would be imperfect ; and instead of being free and sovereign States, as we now are, with the right of Nullification according to our sovereign will and pleasure, the government would be a mere consolidation ; the reserved rights of the States would be a downright nonentity ; and the sovereign State of South Carolina would be nothing more than a province of the General Government—to be trodden under foot at will, whenever the great mammoth of consolidation, at Washington, should see fit to crush us to the earth.

“Shall the democracy of the South look tamely on and see themselves despoiled by the tories of the North ? Shall we who produce cotton and rice be taxed for the sole benefit of those who consume pork and molasses ? Shall we submit to be ruled forever by cotton spinners, pedlers, and pedagogues ?

“By giving me your suffrages, gentlemen, I trust you will prove to the contrary. You

want a man of firmness to represent you ; an uncompromising enemy to the Tariff; an unyielding advocate of State Rights ; and an undivided Nullifier."

His speech was received with a clapping of hands, a throwing up of hats, and a shout of huzzas, that made the very heavens ring again. What could I do against such an antagonist ? To be sure, I made a speech in my turn, wherein I refuted the absurdities of my opponent. I met his slander and abuse of the Yankees by appealing to facts. I parried his contemptible thrust at me for having been a schoolmaster, by observing that the South owed half its wealth to a schoolmaster and a Yankee—the inventor of the Cotton Gin. I refuted the accusation of Northern toryism, by referring to the records of our Revolutionary War, whereby it appeared that Massachusetts alone had furnished more than *sixty six thousand* regular soldiers, at the different enlistments, for the support of that war ; while South Carolina scarcely furnished *seven thousand* I mentioned the battles which General Greene, the Rhode Island Quaker, fought against the Southern tories. In a word, I defended myself and the land of my birth, and retorted the accusations of my opponent as became a man of spirit.

My party applauded, and I felt satisfied with my efforts.

But I might as well have held my tongue, for any good my speech did me. The Nullifiers carried all before them in my district, and Major Harebrain Harrington was elected by an overwhelming majority.

### CHAPTER III.

THE HORSE RACE—THE ARTIFICIAL TAIL—  
STORY OF THE TIN PEDLER AND SLEEPY DA-  
VID—THE GREY MARE PROVES THE BETTER  
HORSE.

Among the amusements of the South, the race holds a principal place. It is astonishing with what zest the native sons of this region enter into this sport. Not even the all absorbing business of Nullification can interfere with the regular return of the races, or mar the accustomed enjoyments of the course. Yet, as every thing is apt to take a coloring from the prevailing topic of interest, and names are often considered as synonymous with things; it happened about this time that a great stir was made in relation to a race about to be run between Mr. Blaze's sorrel horse, *Nullifier*, and Mr. Thompson's gray mare *Union*.

People had collected from all quarters to witness this race; and even I, Yankee as I am, could not resist the temptation to be present. The bet of the principals was twenty thousand dollars

each; besides there were innumerable smaller wagers on either side, as the people happened to feel interested in this or that individual, or to confide in the *racy* qualities, if I may so speak, of their respective steeds. Most of the bettors, however, were guided by political preference, each one taking part and hazarding his money according as he happened to fancy the names of the different horses, or to agree with their owners on the subject of the Tariff, State Rights and Nullification. To the natural interest therefore of the race, was superadded the all-exciting one of political feeling and prejudice.

I had taken care to be upon the ground early in order to obtain a favorable location for witnessing the sport; and as it was sometime before the horses appeared on the ground, I had leisure to be amused with the conversation of a native South Carolinian who happened to be seated next me. He was not long in discovering his political bias, for he commenced by asking which horse I was in favor of, and on being told I had no particular preference, he declared he was in favor of the State and opposed to the Union. "The State and the Union!" exclaimed I --- "what have they to do with the race?"



What ! why, much sir--the character of the State is concerned in issue of this race. If the Gray Mare should carry the day ---but it's impossible sir, she can't do a hooter against Nullifier. I've bet a cool thousand upon his head ; and if you dare stand me continued he, whipping out his pocket book, " here is another thousand which I am ready to venture."

" Excuse me, sir, I never bet. "

" Indeed ! then you must be a Yankee. "

" True, sir, I was born one, but am at present a citizen of South Carolina."

" I was sure you must be a Down Easter. No Southern man would refuse to bet, and especially when the honor of his state was at stake. By the by, speaking of Down East, and horses and the like, I have a story to tell of a Yankee trick played off on one of our Southern gentlemen. We generally consider ourselves sharp enough for any body in the way of horse-flesh, whatever we may be in regard to horn gun-flints and silver side-saddles. But even here the Yankee was too cute, as they say Down East, for the Southern jockey. I think 'twas in the way of a swap ; but however that might be the South Carolinian had scarcely had possession of



the Yankee's horse twenty-four hours, when the tail, which was an uncommonly handsome switch, dropt off—having been merely fastened on with a single screw which was broken by rubbing against the side of the stable, or was worn out by fighting flies, I don't exactly remember which. At all events, the horse, which cost as good as two hundred dollars, was found in the morning without the least sign of a tail. And what do you think the owner did?"

"Why, sir," said I, "if I may be allowed to use a borrowed joke, and avail myself likewise of the Yankee privilege, I might *guess*, that he sold the horse at wholesale, inasmuch as he probably could not *re-tail* him."

"Good! sir, good! you speak like a book. The gentleman disposed of the horse to the next Yankee that came along for fifteen dollars. He was a fine looking animal, with the exception of the posterior deficiency; and the second Yankee, as it afterwards turned out, having ingeniously *re-tailed* him, as you say, sold him once more, for another two hundred dollars."

"An excellent story certainly," said I, "but, like most of those related of the Yankees, it wants probability."

"Why, as to that, sir," said my companion

who seemed to be a very good natured man, "you have it for what it is worth.— But I can tell you another horse story, for the truth of which I can vouch, as I lost a cool two thousand dollars by it.

"The Yankees, as I told you before, are apt to be too *cute* for us in every thing except horse-flesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entered my horse *Southron* for a purse of two thousand dollars. He had won a like sum the year before with all ease. In short he was the best horse at that time in all Carolina.—There were to be sure two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him; but they were no touch to *Southron*, and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting here at this moment—when who should come along but a d——d Yankee with a tin-cart! He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse you ever set eyes on. He was a lean, slab-sided, crook-legged, rough-haired, milk-and-molasses-colored son of a gun as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact, his owner called him *SLEEPY DAVID*. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

"It was near the hour of starting, when the peddler, whose exterior corresponded marvellously with that of his horse, and who said his name was Zadock Barker, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse along with the rest.

"Your horse!" exclaimed I—"what, that sleepy looking devil there? You'd better enter him for the turkey-buzzards."

"Not as you know on, Mister," returned the Yankee, with some show of spirit.—"To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him Sleepy David; but he is a jo-fired smart horse for all that. He is like a singed cat, a darned sight better than he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him against some of your South Carolina hosses. To be sure I did'nt come all the way from home on purpose; but as I was coming out this way with a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time it so as to kill two birds with one stone; for thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle off my notions at the same time, I shall make a plaguy good spec. But I had to hurry on like the nation to get here in season; and that's one reason my hoss looks so kind of shabby and out of kilter this morning. But for all that, he'll perform like a days work I tell you."

“Supposing he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him begone and not trouble us with his d —— d Yankee pelaver.

“Why, Mister”, said he “this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk, or let it alone, jjest as he can afford. Now Iv’e taken a good deal of pains to git here this morning in order to run Sleepy David against some of your Southern hosses. I aint a joking sir, I’m in airnest. I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazingly to pick it up.”

“ You talk of picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of carrion of yours ! Away with you, and don’t trouble us any further.”

“Well, if I can’t run, then I spose I can’t, but it’s darned hard any how for a man to take so much pains as I have, to come to the races, and then can’t be allowed to run arter all.”

“ It’s too late now ; by the rules of the course the horse should have been entered yesterday ; however, if you’ll plank the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet.” I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow, having no idea he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

“How much might the entrance money be?” drawing out a purse containing a few shillings in silver and a few pence in copper. “If it aint more’n a quarter of a dollar, or so, I’ll plank it on the nail.”

“It is two hundred dollars.”

“Two hundred dollars!” exclaimed the Yankee. “By gauly, what a price! Why they axed me only a quarter of a dollar to see the Elephant and the whole Caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! Why you must be joking now. Bless me! my whole load of tin ware, hoss, wagon and all would’nt fetch that. But, Mister, don’t you think I could get in for ten dollars?”

“Nothing short of two hundred; and that must be paid in the short space of five minutes.”

“We now thought we had fairly got rid of the fellow; but he returned to the charge, and asked if fifty dollars would’nt do, then seventy-five, then a hundred; and finding he could not make a bargain for less than the regular sum, he engaged to give it, provided he could find any one to loan him the money, for which he offered to pawn his wagon load of notions and Sleepy David to boot. He asked one, then another, to accommodate him with the loan—declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse, the money

should be returned, and he would give a dozen of tin whistles into the bargain. He, however, got more curses than coppers, until some wag, who had plenty of cash, and liked to see the sport go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice. Though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had money enough about him, and was merely playing the 'possum all the while.

“ His next object was to borrow a saddle. Here also he was accommodated ; and taking Sleepy David from the tin-cart, he scrambled up on his back, and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit a horse so awkwardly in all your life. Every body said he would fall before he had gone a hudred yards ; and some, out of compassion, urged him to withdraw.

“ Not by a darned sight,” exclaimed he—“ Why, do you think I’m such a tarnal fool as to pay two hundred dollars, and then not run arter all ?”

“ Others, who wanted to see the sport, though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed—saying, as they laughed aloud, that they had no doubt but he would carry off the purse.

“ That’s what I mean to do,” said he—“ I haint come here for nothing, I can tell you.

Wake up, Sleepy David, and look about you ; you must have your eyes open to-day ; it's no time to be snoozin when there's money at stake."

"The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, opened his eyes, pricked up his ears, and actually showed some signs of life.

"The signal was now given to start.—Away sprang Southron, with the speed of lightning, and away sprang the other Southern horses, leaving Sleepy David far in the rear, and the pedler verging from side to side, as if he was just ready to fall off. The horse went pawing along with his tail clinging close to his haunches, and his nose stuck out straight before him ; and you never beheld so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair made.

"But they improved as they proceeded ; the pedler sat more jockey like, and the horse evidently gained upon the others. But it would not do. He came in a long way behind Southron, and not a very short one behind the others.

"It was now thought the Yankee had got enough of the race, and would withdraw before the next heat. Contrary to all expectation, however, he persevered ; and even offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

"The fellow's a fool," said one.

“He don’t know which side his bread is buttered,” said another, “or else he woud’nt risk any more money on so desperate a stake.”

“He’s safe enough there,” said a third, “for he has no more to risk.”

“Here, however, every body was mistaken again, for the pedler hauled out an old greasy pocket book and planked the thousand dollars. It was covered of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered; and to suspect the Yankee was, after all, more knave than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. Southron was not a horse to be beaten in one day, and especially by such a miserable looking devil as Sleepy David.

“The second heat was now commenced; and, if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble horse Southron, that confidence was strengthened, as I again saw him coming in ahead of the rest. I considered the purse now as my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket, when—lo and behold! the pedler’s horse, which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward as if the devil kicked him an end; and, stretching his neck like a crane, won the heat by a head.

“Every body was astonished. That horse



must be the devil himself, said one. At least, he has the devil to back him, said another ; I was sure he would play some Yankee trick before he had got through." Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee, in the meantime, offered to plank another thousand dollars ; but nobody would take the bet. And it was well they did'nt ; for at the third heat, Sleepy David not only distanced every horse, but even came in a full quarter of a mile ahead of Southron himself.

" There, by gaully ! said the Yankee, as he dismounted, I'll take that are leetle purse if you please, and the tother cool thousand ! I knew well enough that your Southern hosses could'nt hold a candle to *Sleepy David*."

Here the South Carolinian ended his story. It was now time for the race to begin, and my companion was too much interested in the contest of the *State* against the *Union*, to think any thing more, for the time being, of Yankee tricks.

Every body took sides either for one horse or the other. For my own part, tho' I was resolved not to let my political feelings enter into so small an affair as a horse race, I could not help being in favor of the gray mare Union, and fully believed that in the end she would prove herself

the better horse. The ladies, also, as far I had an opportunity to observe, generally took the same side ; whether it was owing to the name, or the sex of the animal, I could not well make out. Perhaps the truth lay between. At any rate, there was much waving of handkerchiefs and many fair smiles at every little appearance of success attained by the beautiful mare, Union.

The gentlemen, on the contrary, were mostly in favour of the sorrel horse, Nullifier.

“ Hurrah for the sorrel ! ” exclaimed one ; “ I’ll bet a hundred niggers against a hundred bales of cotton, that the *State* wins the money.

“ Done ! ” said a Union man.

“ Hurrah for Nullifier ! Hurrah for the sorrel ! ” shouted several other voices.

“ Hurrah for the gray mare ! hurrah for Union ! ” was answered on the other hand. “ Who dares take part with the Union against the State ! ” roared a Nullifier ; at the same time putting himself in an attitude of fight.

“ I,” stoutly replied a Union man, likewise preparing himself for combat.

At it they went, and the State Rights man, who happened to be the least sober of the two, very soon bellowed, “ Enough ! ” Several other battles were fought in like manner—sometimes one

party and sometimes the other carrying the day. But most of the spectators were too much interested in the race, to suffer their attention to be drawn off for a moment from the noble steeds that were straining every nerve for victory.

The first heat was won by Nullifier; when the State Rights party, shouted till the heavens rang again at the momentary triumph.

“Two to one on Nullifier!” said my companion. “Dare you stand me, sir?—Oh, I beg pardon, sir—you never bet.”

“Four to one on Nullifier!” exclaimed another.

“Six to one on Nullifier!” shouted a third.

But their triumph was of short duration. The sorrel horse, who had shown no want of speed, proved deficient in bottom. He began to flag in the second heat, and entirely broke down in the third. The shouts of victory now rose long and loud from the other side; and the waving of handkerchiefs and the clapping of fair hands, showed conclusively that the gray mare had proved herself the better horse.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SOUTHERN PREJUDICES AGAINST NORTHERN INDUSTRY. ANECDOTE ILLUSTRATING ITS EFFECTS. STORY OF FARMER APPLGATE AND HIS TWO SONS.

It is no uncommon thing for a man to prejudice his own interest merely for the sake of injuring his neighbor ; or, in other words, to “ bite off his own nose,” provided he cannot otherwise deprive his neighbors of theirs. On this principle it is that many of the Nullifiers refuse to make use of articles of American manufacture, even though they be of the same quality and cost less than those which come from abroad ; and all this, because those articles are fostered by a *protecting* duty.

These gentry will neither clothe themselves in the fine woollens, nor allow their negroes to be clad in the coarse ones of America. Every thing that is thought worthy of protection is an abomination to them. They abhor the name of a cotton mill ; a smelting furnace puts them in a red glow ; they cannot endure the sight of a field of hemp ; and like the orator of Roanoke, they

would go a mile out of their way to kick a sheep. In short, it is only necessary to give a thing protection, and the protected thing at once becomes odious in their sight.

Hitherto, if their accounts are to be credited, they have been much in the habit of purchasing wooden nutmegs, horn gun-flints, bass-wood pumpkin seeds, and sundry ingenious manufactures of the North, which, were they once to be enumerated in a tariff of duties, would forever lose their reputation with these advocates of free trade and abominators of whatever is so unfortunate as to receive protection.

But with all their hatred of American manufactures, they are often cheated into the use of them; and it all passes well enough as long as they fancy them to be of outlandish origin; but let them once discover that they have unwittingly benefitted their own countrymen, and their vexation knows no bounds. Among other stories of Yankee tricks, they do not fail to relate many an imposition practised upon them in palming off American for British Manufactures.

As I was one evening in company with sundry Nullifiers, one of them related the following :

“ I am very particular,” said he “ never to use an article of American manufacture on any con-

sideration whatever. It costs me a great deal more to be sure to obtain those of foreign production. But I am determined not to encourage the advocates of protection ; and would sooner go fifty miles and pay a hundred per cent more than a thing is worth if it be only imported, than have a similar article of American manufacture brought to my very door and sold at a fair price.

“But in spite of all my care I sometimes get confoundedly taken in. Why it was only last week that I discovered a monstrous cheat that had been put upon me.—Falling into conversation with a Yankee, I launched out as usual against the Tariff, and swore that I would go bareheaded and barebacked till the end of time, sooner than I would wear a coat made of American cloth, or a hat manufactured in an American shop.

“With that the fellow poked out his hand and desired, if it was no offence, to examine the quality of my coat. You may examine it as much as you please, said I ; but you’ll find it none of your Yankee manufacture !”

“There’s where you’re mistaken, Mister, said he, I helped make that cloth myself at the Pontosuc Factory, in old Barkshire, Massachusetts.”

“The devil you did ! said I. Why I purchased this cloth of a merchant who assured me pos-

itively that it was of British manufacture. But what makes you think it is American cloth, and especially that it was made at the Pon—— what do you call it, factory ?”

“ Why I know by the feel of it. Any fool may know that.”

“ He then made a like request—provided always it was no offence—to examine my hat. You are devilish afraid of giving offence said I, at the same time handing him my hat ; but at all events you’ll not find that of American manufacture. It’s real London made. I paid ten dollars for it to the importer.

“ The more fool you then,” said he ; “ why, I made that hat with my own hands, in the town of Danbury, Connecticut ; and I can buy as many as you can shake a stick at, for four dollars a piece.”

“ Confound you for a lying Yankee !” said I, beginning to get angry at the fellow’s impertinence—“ do you pretend to be hatter and cloth manufacturer too ? But here’s sufficient evidence inside of the hat, to convict you of an untruth, here’s the name of the manufacturer, Bond-Street, London.”

“ Ha ! Ha ! Ha ?” said he, laughing in my face—“ I printed that label in Hartford, Connecticut.”

“You Yankee Scoundrel!” said I, “what hav’nt you done?”

“I never did so foolish a thing,” replied he, as to pay twice as much for British manufactures as I should have to give for American ones; and after all, find the goods had been made in the workshops of our own country.”

“This capped the climax of the fellow’s impertinence; and I kicked him out doors for his pains.”

Several other anecdotes were related, tending to illustrate the prevailing opposition of the South to the encouragement of American industry; when a friend of mine from New England who happened to be present, observed, that the South Carolinians had not always been so bitterly opposed to the principle of protection; but that on the contrary, they had been among the first to claim the fostering care of Government, in the protection of their staple commodity.

“This reminds me,” said he, “of a story, which I have before related, and which I understand by some means or other found its way into the New York Citizen. How it got there I will not pretend to say; unless it was by some speculator in Yankee notions, who chanced to hear me relate it. But because my story has been unluckily



filched and peddled off, it is no reason why I should not tell it to the present company; and especially to my friends, the Nullifiers, to whom as it will probably be new, so I hope it will prove highly satisfactory. It is called the story of

### FARMER APPELEGATE AND HIS TWO SONS.

Farmer Applegate, the owner of a considerable tract of land, had two sons, Jonathan and William—or, as they were usually called, Jock and Bill. They were from their childhood of very different dispositions. Jock was staid and sober—inclined to industry, and fond of laying up his coppers. Bill was a harum scarum sort of a lad, idle in his habits, peppery in his disposition, and more fond of throwing away his coppers than hoarding them up. While Jock was industriously at work on the farm, Bill would be away paddling in some puddle for frogs, or shooting butterflies through an air-gun.

These different habits and dispositions followed them to the age of manhood, when their father thought proper to settle them in life. He portioned Jock with a parcel of bleak, barren, stony, and uneven land, but pretty well supplied with running water. This soil, said he to himself, re-

quires a world of hard labor, and produces little when you have done. But that makes no difference, for Jock will get a living, and lay up money any where. As for Bill, said he, there's no use in giving him any land that requires labor, for he'll never work on it, though it were to keep him from starving. Accordingly Farmer Applegate set off to his son Bill a piece of low flat land, a little to the south of Jock's which produced *cat-tails* in abundance, and that without the labor of cultivation.

Cat-tails, in those days, were used as a substitute for feathers, in the preparation of beds. They brought fourpence a pound; and as they found a ready market and cash pay, Farmer Applegate thought that his son Bill, idle as he was, could hardly fail of making a tolerable livelihood from the produce of an article, which required no labor, but the gathering and carrying to market.

But here the old gentleman was mistaken. Bill thought it quite too great a hardship to pick and sell the cat-tails even tho' they grew spontaneously. He purchased therefore a parcel of monkies to do the principal drudgery for him—particularly the gathering and putting into sacks. These monkies, said he, will save me a world of labor. They can pick cat-tails just as well as I

—and, for the matter of that, a great deal better, for they are more nimble and active; besides this low swampy land will not injure their health as it does mine.

The monkies were accordingly set to work. They were sufficiently nimble and handy; but the difficulty was, to keep them at work, and to make them do their work well. Like all the rest of their race, they were a capricious, versatile, and mischievous set. They would not work, unless some one was constantly watching them; and when they did work, they made such waste as was enough to ruin anybody—throwing about the cat-tails, and playing the mischief with their master's property.

In order to keep these troublesome servants at work without being obliged constantly to overlook them in person, Bill procured a stout ourang outang, armed him with a whip, and made him monkey-driver and overseer of the work. But the ourang outang turned out to be little better, or more trustworthy, than the skipjacks under his charge. Every thing went at sixes and sevens. While Bill was away fishing and shooting, the monkey driver and the monkies were playing the devil with his property.

The consequence of his idle habits and his bad

management was, that he got deeply in debt, was harrassed with executions, and threatened with bankruptcy. In this difficulty what does he do? Instead of getting rid of his monkies, and attending to work himself, he petitions his father to grant him a premium, of three farthings per pound on his cat-tails—alleging that he cannot possibly get a living without this *protection* to his industry.

“Industry!” exclaimed Farmer Applegate—“talk of your industry! Truly, if you do not get a living, it will not be for want of impudence.”

Though the Farmer expressed himself in this wise; nevertheless, being a good-natured man, and having the welfare of his children at heart, he granted the proposed premium of three farthings per pound on all the cat-tails grown by his son Bill. With this help Bill got along tolerably well for a time; but neither then did he improve his habits, or pay his debts; but on the contrary, he became, if possible, more idle and careless than ever. This *protection*, said he, is a fine thing—it will keep me in spending money if nothing else.

In the mean time Jock was industrious and saving. Though his land produced little, he contrived, by turning his hand to a variety of things,

and manufacturing sundry “notions,” as he called them, to obtain a tolerable livelihood, and to keep clear of debt, though he did not get rich. Among other “notions,” which he contrived to manufacture, were wooden Jewsharps, which he sold for three halfpence apiece. He went on very contentedly, nor asked any aid from the old gentleman, until Bill had obtained the above mentioned premium on his cat-tails; when, Jock, justly concluding that he had an equal claim to *protection*, asked and obtained a premium of one farthing on each of the Jewsharps manufactured at his mill.

He now increased his business, enlarged his mill, and with the aid of the farthing premium, began to get forward in the world. Bill seeing the prosperity of his brother Jock, flew into a terrible passion, declared the premium on Jewsharps a monstrous imposition, and not to be endured. What! said he, shall I pay one penny three farthings for a wooden Jewsharp, when I can get an iron one for sixpence? To be sure, the wooden article answers every purpose for my monkies, whose leisure hours must be amused with Jewsharps of some kind or other, to prevent them from being worse employed. But that is neither here nor there—it is the *principle* that I contend against.

Bill now posted forthwith to his father's, to request him to take off the premium on Jock's Jewsharps—alleging that it was too bad that Jock should be growing rich by his vile wooden manufacture, while he was growing poor on the more honorable business of raising cat-tails. Farmer Applegate endeavoured to reason with him on the injustice of his demand, inasmuch as the same principle had been followed in relation both to him and his brother, and inasmuch as he himself had been the first to ask that *protection*, which he was now so ready to condemn.

But the more the Farmer attempted to reason, the more Bill got in a passion; until at last, in order to appease him, the old gentleman reduced the premium on Jock's Jewsharps to one half farthing each. This concession, however, so far from satisfying Bill, seemed only to enrage him the more. The principle! said he; it is the principle I contend against; and sooner than submit to it, I'll blow up Jock's mill sky-high, set fire to the old man's house, and play the devil with the whole concern. These threats he expressed openly, but neither Jock nor the old gentleman were to be moved. They had a wary eye upon his movements, but kept perfectly cool.

This composure only the more enraged Bill;

and arming his monkies one day with squirts and pop-guns, he marched at the head of this uncouth army to attack Jock in his mill. But Jock was ready for him. He had closed the door of his mill, and prepared a few buckets of hot water, so arranged that by pulling a string he could upset the whole of them upon his assailants. The door being barricaded, the monkies were sent, as he expected to scale the walls and enter the windows. Jock waited composedly until the noisy troop had nearly reached the lower casement, when suddenly pulling the string, he discharged the hot contents of the bucket upon their heads. The consequence was that they abandoned the attack in great confusion, they threw away their arms, and ran screeching and screaming about with their scalded polls, like so many mad creatures; and when General Bill endeavoured once more to urge them to the attack, instead of obeying his orders, they with one accord fell upon himself, tore off every rag of clothes he had, scratched and wounded him till the blood began to run in streams down his naked body, and would soon have made an end of him, had not Jock, sallying from the mill, put them to flight, and generously rescued his fraternal enemy.

From that time Bill grew more rational. He sent his monkies back to Afrlca, picked his own cat-tails, and said no more about Jock's premium, or the odious principle of *protection*.



## CHAPTER V.

### NOVEL DISCOURSE, BY A DISTINGUISHED FUNCTIONARY, ON CALCULATING THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

In the course of my professional engagements, being at C——, and happening to be detained in consequence of my client's cause standing below sundry others on the docket, I one day strolled to the lecture room of a distinguished, scientific, and literary functionary of that place. His venerable age—his strongly marked countenance—his short thick person—his most philosophical disregard of dress—in short his whole manner and person strongly attracted my attention. I could have sworn, before I heard him speak, that he had something original to say. I was not mistaken. His lecture was on *The Value of the Union*.

Having adjusted his spectacles and placed his notes before him, he began:—"You may possibly think the subject of the present lecture a very extraordinary one ; and, moreover, one which it does not become the patriot to discuss. Your prejudices, young gentlemen, are very natural ; but they must be eradicated. Patriotism, to be

sure, is very well in its place ; but it should never be allowed to run counter to the interests of its votaries.

“ The Union you have no doubt been taught to consider as a sacred thing, the utility or value of which was never to be called in question. But this is an eroneous idea. The value of the *Union* may be calculated as well as the value of an *onion*, or any other given commodity. Why not ; An onion is composed of several concentric rings, or circles, all uniting and forming one entire whole, or perfect onion. The Union of the States is formed in a manner somewhat analageous. There are States within States, and States without States. Pennsylvania, Ohio, and sundry others, are like the interior circles of the onion ; while those of South Carolina, Virginia, Massachusetts, and some others, resemble the exterior ones.

“ Here, gentlemen, is a map of the United States, and here also is an onion. The map I borrowed, but the onion I imported from Europe, and at a considerable expense, because I would not encourage the growers of onions at Weathersfield. Here I say is the map, and here is the onion. Examine them for yourselves. Compare them together, and see how striking is the resemblance.

“I might extend the parallell further, and say that the Union, as well as the onion, brings tears in our eyes. At least it does into mine. I feel what I say at this very moment; and if you will examine into the subject, I think you will feel it too. And yet so far as the onion is concerned, I assure you it is a very mild one, compared with those which are grown in Connecticut.—The onion I say draws tears, and so does the Union. The onion makes us weep because it sends forth an acrid effluvia, that powerfully effects the lachrymals; the Union makes us weep because it—because, ahem!—because—in short, because it is the Union.

“Having drawn this parallel, and shown that the Union may with perfect propriety be calculated, I now proceed to show that it ought to be calculated.

“The Union, as I have already hinted, is a *commodity*; and it is one with which we have much to do—and I am afraid shall have for some time to come. It is an expensive commodity; and as economy is a virtue, and retrenchment is the order of the day, it behoves us, as prudent men and practical utilitarians, to see that the value of every thing for which we expend our money, is equal to its cost. If not, it is clearly a

bad bargain; and the use of such commodity should be abandoned. An onion, if it be imported, like the specimen before us, may cost a shilling. Now if it be not worth more than nine pence half penny, there is a clear loss on it of two pence half penny. And so of the Union, or any other commodity. It costs in common parlance, more than it comes too.

“Having thus shown you that the value of the Union may and should be calculated, I now proceed to point out the correct method of doing it. The advantages of the Union are first to be set down in figures, and directly under them the disadvantages. A line is then to be drawn beneath, and the balance struck. If the advantages more than balance the disadvantages, then it follows that the Union is a profitable commodity; but if otherwise, then otherwise.

“Now what are the advantages of the Union? For my part, I know of but one—viz. defence against foreign foes. Where States, like individuals, are weak, it is doubtless a matter of policy and sound discretion, to unite for mutual defence. This must be particularly the case with such puny States as Rhode-Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and sundry others that I could name. But the great and powerful State of

South Carolina, has no need to lean on her sister States for support. She can take care of herself. She asks no favors, and why should she grant any? To be sure she was at one time in a condition to be benefitted by her sister States ; but now, to use the saying of a certain honest and discreet old lady, she has got a porridge-pot of her own, and has no need to borrow or lend.

“ The only advantage of the Union, as I said before, is, protection against foreign enemies. This, however, depends on a mere contingency ; and it would be more proper to say, *possible* foreign enemies. The disadvantages on the other hand, are too numerous to mention. In the first place, we have to help to support the General Government ; in the second, we are taxed for the encouragement of manufactures ; in the third we are compelled to submit to the will of the majority in Congress ; in the fourth, we are liable to be hung for treason against the United States, under certain contingencies ; and so on, and so forth.

“ From all these circumstances, and from your knowledge of arithmetic, young gentlemen, you might very well make the proposed calculation, without any further assistance on my part. Nevertheless, to enable you to economise time,

and to attain the greatest possible accuracy, I have constructed a set of tables, whereby the value of the Union may be ascertained to the thousandth part of a mill, in the short space of one minute and three seconds. The precise principles upon which these tables are constructed, I need not explain to you at present.—Suffice it to say, that you will find them adequate to the great purpose for which they were invented; and that the value of the Union may be calculated, to any possible degree of exactness, in the shortest possible time.

“These tables have cost me much labor and thought. They have not been constructed for the mere gratification of idle curiosity. They are intended for use; and the sooner they are used, the better. *It is high time to calculate the value of the Union.*”

Just as the learned functionary arrived at this point, I was called away by my client, and so lost the remainder of this very novel and interesting discourse.

## CHAPTER VI.

### RESOLVE ON GETTING MARRIED—CONSULT MY FRIEND ON THE SUBJECT.

Though Major Harebrain Harrington, as I mentioned in the last chapter, carried the election all hollow, it was not a little gratifying to me to know that I might have been elected with great ease, had I been on the other side of the question—being as I was assured by sundry supporters of my opponent, personally more popular than he. Indeed, several of them told me that it was a thousand pities I was not on the right side in politics; and it was wholly owing to the staunch Nullification principles of Major Harrington, that he was elected instead of me.

This was some consolsation, but it did not carry me to Congress. However, I had the satisfaction of finding that, notwithstanding my anti-nulification principles, my practice was daily increasing, and that my income was now sufficient to support a family in a becoming manner. I therefore began to think in earnest of consummating my union with my beloved Henrietta. But before taking so important a step, I went to

consult my kind patron and unvarying friend Colonel Peterson. His manners wore nearer those of the Revolutionary standard, than are generally to be found in modern days : open, frank, and easy ; and what was of more consequence to me, his mind was comparatively free from the prevailing prejudices of the South in regard to us Yankees.

“ Ay, “ Ay,” said he, as I named to him the subject nearest my heart, “ you are a lucky dog Elmwood, to have stolen into the good graces of the finest girl in South Carolina. It was not for nothing that you gave her lessons in Latin. But you Yankees are sly rogues ; and play the devil with the hearts of our Southern women. I’ll be bound now, young man, you made your comments on the Latin text more interesting than the text itself.

“ Why Colonel, I am not so vain,” said I, “ as to ascribe any extraordinary influence to my poor comments. On the contrary, Henrietta seemed to me to be very well satisfied with the text. But what think you, Colonel, shall I stand any chance of success with her father ?”

The Colonel shook his head.

“ I see,” said I, “ you consider my case to be hopeless.”



“Umph !” said he, “why, for that matter Mr. Elmwood, no case is perhaps to be considered entirely hopeless against Yankee enterprise and perseverance. But there again is a misfortune, the very name of Yankee is sufficient to ruin your prospects with any father this side of Mason and Dixon’s line. And do you expect to escape the difficulties that must attach to so hardy an enterprise as that of a Yankee schoolmaster, carrying off the only daughter of a South Carolina planter ?”

“You must recollect I am a lawyer at present, Colonel Peterson ; besides I am now settled here, and do not intend to *carry off* the girl.”

“So much the worse,” said the Colonel with a roguish wink, “for if you had once fairly carried her off, you would be sure of her. But there are plenty of reasons in the present case, why you should not succeed in gaining the consent of old Mr. Harrington. In the first place, you are a Yankee, and he is a South Carolinian ; in the second place, to say nothing of your having acted as tutor to his daughter, you do not drive a carriage and four, or engage in a fox-hunt, or a horse race ; in the third place, you are, like myself, on the wrong side in politics. And then, if

I mistake not, Mr. Harrington has another match in view."

"Another match!"

"Certainly—you do not expect to be without a rival, do you? What would you think of Major Harebrain Harrington?"

"Think of him! why I think he ought to be content with having carried the election for Congress, without aspiring likewise to carry off his fair cousin. But one thing I am certain of, she does'nt like him."

"[But her father does—which you know, so far as you are concerned is all the same thing."

"I am certain she will never consent to marry Major Harrington."

"And if she should not how will you be the gainer, as long as her father will not consent to her marrying you?"

"There is something in that, Colonel; but then again there will be no little comfort in knowing she will never marry my rival, even though I should never gain her myself. But this remains to be proved; and I should do little credit to the land of my birth and to the name of a Yankee, if I did not persevere, even to the

end, with such a tempting prize in view."

"Bravo! bravo! young man—I like your spirit. Faint heart never won, and never deserved to win, fair lady."

## CHAPTER VII.

BROACH THE SUBJECT TO THE LAEY'S FATHER  
—AM FORBIDDEN THE HOUSE—STORY OF A  
YANKEE CLOCK.

Full of my matrimonial project, and knowing of no sufficient reason why I should be refused, I went next day to Mr. Harrington, and boldly, but respectfully, asked him for the hand of his daughter. Heavens and earth ! what a passion he flew into ! He forgot, for the moment, the gout with which he had been for sometime confined to his room ; he sprang upon his feet without the help of his crutches, and I verily believe would have Nullified me on the spot, if violent language or furious gestures could have accomplished it. > Besides sundry other hard names, which I do not think it necessary to repeat, he called me a poor, peddling, penniless pedagogue.

At the word peddling, I felt my ire beginning to rise ; and had he not been the father of Henrietta, and had I not long ago resolved that passion should never get the better of me, I know not what might have been the consequence. As

it was, I replied, coolly, that I was not aware of ever having been a pedlar ; that I could not at present be called a pedagogue ; and that, however poor I might once have been, so far from being now penniless, my practice was amply sufficient, not only for my own support, but also for the maintenance of a family.

In matters of dispute people are apt to be violent in proportion to the weakness of their cause ; and Mr Harrington, being unable to oppose aught to the truth of my statement, very naturally made up in violence what he wanted in argument. If I had not peddled tin ware and wooden pumpkin seeds, he declared I had done that which was scarcely more honorable, inasmuch as I had peddled Latin and Greek. At this singular turn, I could not help smiling, as I reminded him of the remarkable readiness with which Southern gentlemen purchased these commodities of us Yankees.

“ D——n your commodities !” exclaimed he—  
“ I wish they had stuck in your throat, and that you and your whole tribe had been obliged to feed on Greek and Latin till you were thinner than so many heathen ghosts, before I had exposed my daughter to your wiles.

“ Wiles !”

“Ay, wiles, sir. You Yankees are all a set of cheats. “There now,” pointing to a wooden clock, “is a specimen of your rascally tricks. I purchased that clock some time ago of a Connecticut peddler. He called it a St. Killigrew’s clock, and told me I must wait till that Saint’s day, which he assured me was just at hand, before I set it a going, and then it would never stop. I had had some experience of Yankee tricks, and I therefore required him to warrant it, which he readily engaged to do, and gave me a writing to this effect—that if the St. Killigrew’s clock varied one minute in the course of six months, he was to refund the forty dollars which I paid him. In less than a year he came along again, and asked me how the St. Killigrew’s clock went.

“Went! said I, you cheating Yankee rascal, it never went at all. He put on a very long face, and said he guessed I had set it on the wrong day. There again, said I, you Yankee scoundrel, you deceived me with your St. Killigrew’s day. I looked in the Almanac, and there was no such Saint to be found. I guess you must a looked in the wrong Almanac, said he. It should a been the real Andrew Beerses Almanac, by Andrew Beers, *Philom.* I fully believe, said I, it’s all a Yankee trick, and I’ll bet forty bales of cotton

to a wooden nutmeg that there is no such Saint in the calendar.—Then it's all his own fault, said he, for he might a been there if he was a mind to.—So ! said I, I've caught you in your rogue's tricks, have I ? You must refund the money, and that very sudden too. Why, said he coolly, has the clock varied any ? Varied ! exclaimed I—why, you villain, it has never budged an inch. Then, said he with a sort of villainous smile—for he never laughed like an honest man—if it has stood *stock still* all the time, it sartinly could'nt a *varied* any. You need'nt think to creep out there, said I ; if you don't refund the forty dollars in five minutes' time, I'll have you taken up for a swindler. He refused, and accordingly, I had him arrested on a warrant. When the day of trial came, he pled his own cause, and, 'would you think it ? got off clear. Why, Sir, these Yankees are the very devil on the tongue. I'm credibly informed there is'nt one, from the greatest to the least, but what can plead like a lawyer, or, if necessary, preach like a priest.—And I've been told moreover that every man and boy, from Passamaquoddy to Long Island Sound, could with the greatest ease navigate a ship the world over.”

“Upon my word, Mr. Harrington,” said I,

“you pay a sufficiently high compliment to the ingenuity and intelligence of the people of New England.”

“Not a whit too high—but mark me, sir, while I acknowledge their acuteness and intelligence, I at the same time affirm that they are the most consummate cheats that ever lived.”

“It is not fair to take your estimate of the whole population from the character of here and there a pedlar by whom you may have been deceived; and I hope the time may come when your opinion of Yankee honesty may be materially modified, if not entirely changed.”

“Mr. Elmwood, I make no exceptions, sir—if they do not cheat in one way, they do in another. If they cannot rob us of our cash, they will steal away the affections of our daughters.”

“To this last charge, Mr. Harrington, I am afraid not a few of the Yankees must plead guilty. And yet methinks the chivalry of the young gentlemen of the South should afford the young ladies adequate protection.”

“*Protection!*” exclaimed the old gentleman, “I abominate the word. It is hateful to all Southern ears. It has ruined the fair fields of the South. Protection indeed!—No, sir, we want no Tariff on our daughters.”



“At least, sir,” said I, “not such an one, I should hope as would amount to a *prohibition*. That would be such a Tariff as not even Yankees would agree to. But what finally became of your Connecticut pedler?”

“C——e the fellow! he sued me for false imprisonment, and got a verdict of a hundred dollars damages, with costs. Upon this, I ordered my niggers to bind him neck and heels, *tote* him to the river, and throw him in headlong. Would you believe it? tied up as he was, he swam like a duck, rolled himself up the bank and got away; but the next court I was brought up to answer for the assault and battery, and cast in the sum of two hundred dollars more. I was careful how I meddled with the Yankee afterwards, and I havenot seen him since.—This was the last of my dealings with any of the race; but my wife has been once or twice bitten by them since. It is not a month ago, that she purchased a beautiful tortoise shell comb of one of them; and having one day got caught in a shower, she found the comb had all dissolved, and it took three weeks to clear her hair of the sticky mass of glue, sugar, and gum arabic, out of which it was composed.”

I know not how long Mr. Harrington would

have gone on with his stories of Yankee tricks, had I not interrupted him by pressing my suit ; when he again fell into a furious passion, renewed his abuse of myself and all my countrymen, and finally ended with forbidding me his house.

## CHAPTER VIII.

CONTRIVE TO MEET THE YOUNG LADY—ADMIRE HER POLITICAL SENTIMENTS. AM ATTACKED BY A RIVAL.

“Stolen interviews,” says Solomon—or, what amounts to the same thing—“stolen waters are sweet;” and I am not so heterodox as to dispute what Solomon says. Indeed, I experienced the truth of that comfortable doctrine, in my own case; for though forbidden the house by Mr. Harrington, I found means very frequently to see and enjoy the society of his daughter. Baffled as were our wishes for the present, we neither of us thought that any thing was to be got by despair; and we resolved unanimously, that the very worst method of gaining a cause, was, to abandon it.

As for Henrietta, she won upon my admiration daily. Especially I could not help admiring her sentiments on the subject of the *Union*. We had many a long talk on this interesting topic; and I need not say our sentiments were in perfect accordance. No two politicians ever agreed better. She was in favor of the Union, and so

was I. She wondered, as I gently pressed her hand, how any body could possibly be opposed to the Union. She did not indeed know what she might think on the subject, if she were a man; but for her part she did not believe there were a dozen women in South Carolina but what were in favor of the Union. She could not see why the people of the South, should make such a fuss about *protection*. She was sure, whatever the gentlemen might think on the subject, every lady was in favor of it. I pressed her to my heart, and assured her she should never want for mine.

As we were one evening sitting on the banks of the Santee, and engaged in these delightful discussions, I heard a heavy step approaching, and presently the sound of a man's voice, exclaiming—

“Who dares advocate protection?”

“Oh dear!” exclaimed Henrietta, as she sprang upon her feet at the sound—“it is my cousin Harebrain's voice, and he will murder you! He hates you because you run against him for Congress, and because you are a Union man—and because you—and because I—”

“Never mind him, Henrietta,” said I. He may hate me as much as he pleases—I fear him not.”

"The devil you don't!" exclaimed he in a furious voice, and standing plump before me, as I finished the last sentence. Resign the lady instantly, or—"

"She is under my protection, sir."

"D—n your *protection*, and all other Tariffs. The lady is my cousin, and besides—"

"I care not, sir, if she were forty times your cousin; and as for any other claim you may have—"

"He has no other claim," said Henrietta, trembling and clinging to me—"I hate him, and I've told him so a thousand times."

"All this exclaimed my furious rival, "is owing to your cursed Yankee tricks. You have poisoned the mind of my cousin. No woman whose affections were not bejugged, would ever think for a moment of listening too a poor devil of an adventurer, who but a short time since came to this state with a thread-bare coat, and without a penny in his pocket—first a pedler of Latin and Greek, and now a pedler of law. Why I could purchase a hundred thousand such."

"You may," said I coolly, "for aught I know, have as much money as a hundred thousand such; but you cannot *purchase* one." Saying this I was about to depart, with Henrietta under my

arm; when he swore that, how much soever I might be in favor of *protection*, the presence of the lady should be none to me. As he said this, he raised a cane, which he had in his hand, to strike.

“It is my part,” said I, “to yield protection to the lady, and not to expect it from her.” At the same time, seizing hold of the cane, I wrested it from his hand, and tossed it into the river. I was also about throwing him after it. I could have done so with great ease; for notwithstanding he was three inches taller than myself, and fifty pounds heavier, his frame was not so well knit, and his idle and luxurious Southern habits had not so well fitted him for the exercise of strength as my more industrious and sober Northern ones. Indeed I was accounted no chicken, even at home, in the way of a rough-and-tumble, a back-hug, or a wrestle at arms’ length, wherein I carried the ring against all my fellow-students; and at a dead lift I had few equals. Besides, my rival was a Nullifier, and therefore no match for a Union man.

But to return to my story—I had fairly *toted* him, as they say here to the brink of the stream, and one second more, would have heard him plunging over head and ears in its dark tide; for

my passion for the moment had got the better of my philosophy. But Henrietta saved me from myself, and her cousin from a wet skin, if not from a worse fate. She seized hold of my arm; she implored me to pause: her cousin was not fit to die, and if he wanted washing he might get his blacks to do it; it was no business for a white man. Angry as I had been a moment before, I could not help laughing at this last argument. I set my antagonist on his feet again, and bade him, the next time he undertook to nullify a white man, to take somebody besides a Yankee.

He made the best of his way home, muttering as he left us, that I should hear from him again, and in a way wherein my bodily strength would not avail me, as in the present instance.

“He will challenge you,” said Henrietta.

“Let him challenge then,” said I.

“And then he will kill you,” said she, “for he is a great shot, and has already fought five duels, and killed three men.”

“Then,” replied I, “I should have done him no more than justice, had I drowned him, as I was just now on the point of doing.”

“True,” said she, “but there is little honor

in acting the part of an executioner, even though the criminal does deserve his fate. But what will you do in this case? You are sure to be challenged, and then—”

“Let me alone to answer it.”

“But you will not expose your life to a practised duelist?”

“Would you not have me fight him then?”

“Indeed I would not. I abhor the practice of duelling, and no consideration should ever induce me to marry a man who had been guilty of it. But I know you are principled against it. And then your life—I am sure, that for my sake—”

“My dear Henrietta, said I, “have no apprehensions on my account, either as it regards my life or my principles. We Yankees know how to meet your Southern mad-caps, without hazarding either the one or the other.”

As I said this, we reached the foot of a short avenue leading to the house; and as she positively forbade my going a step farther, we made our adieus and parted for the night.



## CHAPTER IX.

### A CHALLENGE—AN AFFAIR OF HONOR CON- CLUDED IN A NEW WAY.

I retired to my lodgings, and ruminated upon the events of the evening and their probable consequences. He will challenge me, past all doubt; and I—what must I do? I revolved the subject till I fell fast asleep, and knew nothing more untill, I was awakened in the morning by a step on the stair, and presently I beheld the woolly poll and sooty phiz of my man Tom, poking in at the door.

“Well, Tom,” said I, “is the sun up?”

“Yes, Massa,” replied the black, “he up long time ago.”

“Long time ago! How long is that?”

“How long? why, Massa Ellumwood, I should say ebber sence he ris.”

Tom was a round faced, smiling, faithful, good-natured imp; and moreover had a spice of wit; on which account, he had been indulged somewhat more than is in all cases expedient with people of his class and colour.

“That is very probable, you imp of darkness,”

said I, replying to his last observation—"but how long may it be since he rose?"

"Why, he got up fore me, Massa. I sel'om rise fore de sun, cause I tink it bad manners, I do, Massa Ellumwood. But de sun, he way up de sky now—I open de shutter, den you see him for yourself, Massa."

Accordingly he opened the shutters, and the sun was indeed far up the sky.

But what sent you into my room just now, Tom?" said I. "Has any thing happened?"

"No happen, Massa, at all, only dere be gem-man below wish to speak wid you."

"Why did'n't you do your errand before, you woolly imp?"

"Cause I no see to do 'im Massa, fore de shutter open."

"You're growing too impertinent, Tom. I must part with you. I must send you to Louisiana."

"Oh, Massa Ellumwood! do'nt part wid me! do'nt send me to Lousyany, I beg on you! I'll nebber be pertinent 'gin long as I lib, so yen keep me, Massa."

"Well, go down stairs," said I, "and tell the gentleman I'll be with him presently."

"I threw on my clothes, and going below was presented with a challenge. It was brought by one Captain Flintock, and ran thus:

"To Elnathan Elmwood, Esq.

SIR—The insult you offered me last evening must be washed out with the blood of one of us. Either you or I must be *nullified*. The case admits of no *protection*. The *Union* of soul and body, on one part or the other, must be dissolved. The chivalry of the South demands it. Therefore meet me, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, on the spot where the outrage was offered, that the scene of your insolence may also be the place of your punishment.

Yours &c.

HAREBRAIN HARRINGTON."

"Humph!" said I, as I finished this interesting epistle—"is the fellow tired of life, that he wishes for some person to do execution upon him? and if so, is there no butcher in the neighborhood, that he should send for me to perform that disagreeable office?"

"Butcher!" exclaimed the Captain—"do you take my friend, Major Harrington, for some brute, some four-legged animal, that is to be knocked on the head, or have his throat cut, af-

ter the vulgar manner of the beasts of the shambles ?”

“Why, as to that, sir, ” said I, “I have never learned the business of a butcher ; and whether it be a man or a calf that I am desired to kill, I am afraid I should make very awkward work of it.”

“Is this your answer, sir ?” said the Captain rising and taking his hat.

“Why, sir,” I replied, motioning him again to a seat, “I hardly know what other answer to return. For my own part, I am not yet sufficiently tired of life, to throw it away ; and if I were, it is no ways certain that I should select Major Harebrain Harrington for my executioner. On the other hand, however much Major Harrington may desire death, or however much he may think he deserves it—and on this head I own he ought to be the best judge—I see no reason why he should choose me above all other men to be his executioner. The Sheriff would answer better. Nevertheless I am always ready to do a neighborly act, and especially where I can serve the public while I yield to the private wishes of my neighbor.”

“You will meet Major Harrington then, at the time and place mentioned, accompanied by your second ?”

“What need is there of a second? Cannot I do the business alone?”

“It is a matter of custom, sir. Every principal must be accompanied by a second.”

“Very well, sir, a second shall not be wanting, nor a third neither if requisite.”

“A single one is sufficient. You will be on the ground then, armed and prepared for the occasion?”

“Never doubt it. I should however prefer a later hour. I can never think of transacting any important business before breakfast; besides who knows but so disagreeable a job may spoil my appetite?”

The hour of nine was finally agreed upon, and Captain Flintock departed. I now ordered Tom to procure a couple of axes and grind them sharp.

“Wat you goin to do wid two axes, Massa?” said the black, showing the whites of his eyes as big as a couple of hen’s eggs—“sure Massa Ellumwood no goin choppin wid ’em?”

“Never mind, Tom. You get the axes, and put them in prime order.”

The negro did as he was commanded, and the next morning, punctual to the hour, I proceeded to the place of meeting, followed by Tom, with

the two axes on one shoulder and a chopping-block on the other. A great crowd of people were already assembled, as is not unusual here, to witness the duel, and see in what a genteel manner a South Carolinian would nullify a Yankee. But when they saw my man Tom with the two axes and the chopping-block, they began to be above measure astonished; and their wonder was still more increased when they heard me coolly order him to go back and bring a meat barrel and a half bushel of salt. A sort of half whispered inquiry ran through the crowd, as to what I intended to do with so strange an apparatus.

“He surely aint a going to salt up his antagonist!” said one.

“He looks as savage as a meat-axe,” said another.

“I’ll lay a tin whistle to a dish of hominy,” said a Connecticut pedler, “that the Squire beats the Major yet.”

“You be hanged with your tin whistles!” said a Southerner; “Major Harrington, I’d have you to know, is no baby, he is a whale on the trigger.”

“Ay, that he is,” said another; he’s already

killed thirteen men in a duel, and crippled fourteen others."

These observations, however, were pretty soon hushed by the appearance of the redoubtable Major himself, followed by Captain Flintock, as his second.

"I see you are on the ground, sir," said the Major; "but where are your arms, sir, and your second?"

"Here are my arms, Major," said I pointing to the two axes; and my second will be here presently, having returned for a meat barrel and a half bushel of salt."

"Meat barrel! salt! axes!" exclaimed my enraged foe, in utter astonishment—"what the devil do you mean, sir?"

"Why, I mean," said I coolly, "that when you are fairly dispatched, you should be salted down, like any other animal of your species, and not left a prey to the turkey-buzzards. We Yankees always study economy, and I thought I might dispose of you by the barrel for enough to pay the butcher's bill and other expenses."

"Sir do you mean to add fresh insult to your former offence, sir?"

"Fresh! oh no, sir, by no means; I see my second is now here with the salt."

"Your second!" exclaimed Captain Flintock, bristling up to me, furious as a game-cock. "Do you mean to insult *me* too, by bringing that black devil of yours as an offset to a white man?"

"I beg your pardon, Captain," said I; "a man has undoubtedly a right to choose his own second; or, as we say at the northward, his own *help*. Tom is an excellent handy fellow, though he is black, and will chop up a carcass in the least possible time. Now, gentlemen," continued I, addressing the two military men, "which of you will be salted first?"

"D—n your Yankee soul!" said the Major, I came here to fight, and not to be made a laughing-stock of. Here are a couple of pistols; will you take your ground and fight *like* a gentleman ought to?"

"I am on the ground, Major," said I, "and here are my weapons—a couple of as sharp axes as ever were put into flesh. As to pistols, Lord help me! I never fired one in my life; but I was accounted a very tolerable chopper when I was a boy; and if you do not choose to be cut up passively, you are at liberty to take your choice of these axes, and try your hand with me at a chopping bout. The one, that cuts up the other in the most expeditious and gentlemanlike manner, shall



be allowed to have won the day. What say you to this, Major?"

"I say that you are an infamous scoundrel," returned the Major, lashing himself into a fury by the use of the most abusive epithets—"you hav'nt the least particle of honour about you—you are a mean, contemptible, cowardly poltroon."

"Cowardly!" said I; "the imputation, sir, might as well attach to the other side, for I have offered to engage you on fair terms, with a weapon which I happen to know the use of, while I am entirely ignorant of those same pistols on which you so much value yourself. Nevertheless, Major Harrington, I am not so particular as to the kind of weapon I use, if it only be one with which I am acquainted; and therefore if it please you better, I will despatch my second for a couple of pitchforks, or scythes, or crowbars?"

"Again I repeat," exclaimed the Major, "that you are a mean, contemptible, low-lived, cowardly poltroon—a fellow that I would annihilate with as little remorse as I would a rattlesnake."

"Nullify him! nullify him!" roared several voices.

"Hands off! hands off!" exclaimed others—"fair play's a jewel, the world over."

“D—n the Yankee!” roared the first—“does he expect to chop up the chivalrous sons of the South like a parcel of mincemeat? Blow him through! blow him through? Shoot his Yankee gizzard out.”

At this conjuncture my antagonist snatched one of the pistols from the hand of his second, and was about levelling it at my head, when a voice exclaimed—“Take care, Mister, how you handle that are shooting iron so posseed careless, or may be you’ll hit somebody.” At the same moment the arm of my foe was forcibly pulled down, and the pistol went off, discharging its contents into the leg of his second, the redoubtable Captain Flintock. The report of the pistol seemed to be the signal for a general engagement. The people had collected to see a fight, and they determined there should be one, if they had it among themselves. They fell too therefore, and the Union party, though individually superior to the Nullifiers, would nevertheless, from their inferiority of numbers, have had the worst of it, had they not been joined by sundry of the latter who were my personal friends and clients.

As it was the adherents of the Major, in spite of what I could do to arrest the tumult, got pro-

digiously whipped ; and even the Major himself, together with his friend the Captain, retired from the field with black eyes and bloody noses. They had come there resolved upon *Nullification* ; but not succeeding in that, they stood upon their *Reserved Rights*. and finally resorted to *Secession*.

## CHAPTER X.

### NEW TROUBLES IN THE CAMP OF DUPID—AND NEW CONTRIVANCES TO OBVIATE THEM.

From the time of my recounter with Major Harrington, I was subjected to new difficulties in relation to his fair cousin; who was now so strictly watched and guarded, that it required all a Yankee's ingenuity to maintain that intercourse which is so highly important in affairs of the heart.—This additional restraint I had no doubt was owing to the kind offices of my enraged rival, who if he could not win the lady himself, would naturally feel a malicious pleasure in defeating me.

He had calculated upon the duel as an effectual method of ridding himself of a more fortunate rival. But he had reckoned without his host. He had miscalculated the effect of Southern logic upon a Northern-man; and the result of our famous meeting, had only exasperated him anew, and rendered him, if possible more hostile than ever, to my views, and more bitterly opposed to my union with his fair cousin. And since he could not persuade me to submit my person to the operation of his pistol, in an *honorable* way, he endea-

voured as far as he could to baffle my wishes in a dishonorable one, by using his influence against me with the father of the young lady.

What I could not effect, however, by personal intercourse, I managed by paper and ink ; not precisely in the way of legal documents—tho' I had half a mind to issue a writ of *habeas corpus*—but rather in the way of business—I mean such business as

“Speeds the soft intercourse from soul to soul.”

I have by me sundry of the bills of *exchange*, which were issued about those days, and negotiated by means of my man Tom, and Henrietta's woman, Dinah Phillis.—These bills were sure to be honored at sight ; and never did any billet *do* me so much pleasure as a billet-*doux* from my adored mistress. Hers were certainly the finest specimens of this kind of paper I ever saw—at least I thought so at the time—and I have little doubt that the reader would think so too, if he could fairly get a sight of them.

What the correspondence contained I will not say ; nor has the reader, as far as I can see, any right to be inquisitive on the subject. If he was ever in love, however, he make a shrewd guess at the probable contents ; and if not why then

he would not understand them, even though he should be allowed a peep beneath seals.

I am not certain but I proposed to Henrietta to elope. Indeed I now recollect that was the case, for I remember the manner in which she answered the proposal. Having used up her last sheet of paper, she inscribed the letter *I* on the rind of a cantelope which she sent me—signifying as I translated it, *I cant elope*. Let a woman alone for contrivance in a case of emergency. For my part, I might have rumaged among the musty papers of my office for a month, without ever thinking of such an expedient. I literally *devoured* this epistle.

But the *cant*-elope some how or other left a bitter sensation when it was down. I resolved to free the lady from durance vile.—Sometimes I thought of storming the castle ; sometimes of undermining it ; then again of snapping the foundation. But my habits are essentially pacific ; and I abandoned each of these projects in turn. I consulted my chief counsellor Tom, on the subject ; and we had actually devised a plan which seemed to promise success.

But we might as well have spared our brains all this labor of plotting, for it turned out that the

disability of my Henrietta's elopement was rather of a moral than a physical nature ; depending on her sense of propriety, delicacy, and filial duty. Hence I should have translated the cant-elope to signify, I cant *consent* to elope. But such is the imperfection of writing by hyeroglyphics !

Being thus non-suited in my project of carrying off the young lady, I had nothing to do but to wait patiently until some favorable change should take place in my prospects, either by a removal of the prejudices of Mr. Harrington, or by some unforeseen arrangement of providence. Not that I believed myself so much a favorite of heaven, as that any special order should pass the court above for my sole accommodation ; but it had often happened to me, that when oppressed by poverty and overborne by misfortunes, I knew not which way to turn, a brighter day had unexpectedly dawned upon me ; and from almost the depths of despair, I had arisen anew to life and to hope. The feeling derived from these causes, might be one of superstition ; but nevertheless it was a consoling one, and I could not, neither did I desire to, avoid cherishing it.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT AT THE SOUTH—ATTEMPTS TO NULLIFY IT—GENERALSHIP OF TIMOTHY TREADWELL.

Among other means of softening, and finally of removing the prejudices of the South in relation to the encouragement of American industry, I had more than once thought the creation of a manufacturing interest in this region deserving of particular consideration. And as there is no want of mill seats in the higher parts of this and the neighboring States, and as the raw material of cotton is produced as it were on the spot, I wondered exceedingly that enterprising individuals from the North, were not more ready to invest their capital in this quarter.

I broached the subject to Colonel Peterson, and was happy to find his views accorded with mine. Having a fine fall of water, on a small stream that empties into the Santee, he proposed to me to join him in erecting a cotton factory—he to furnish the capital, and I to aid him in my Yankee knowledge and enterprise. To be sure, I knew nothing of the business we were going



about ; but I had come from a manufacturing district, and therefore must needs be a fit person to direct the undertaking. But more than all this, I believe the Colonel who had never ceased to be my friend and patron from the time I first set foot in South Carolina, secretly designed rather to promote my advantage than his own.

A Yankee is supposed to know at least a little of every thing, and to be ready to turn his hand to any business or project which holds out the hope of acquiring wealth. From a farmer's boy I had become a school-master ; from a school-master, a lawyer ; and it would not now be in character to refuse to become a manufacturer. I did not design however, to lay my law aside ; but to go on pleading causes, while my looms went on making cloth.

In a word I accepted the proposal of my friend Peterson, and the cotton factory was built. By my advice, a practical manufacturer, from the Bay State, was engaged to superintend the concern. Timothy Treadwell was a shrewd Yankee, who understood every part and parcel of the trade, not only of manufacturing cotton cloth, but also of making the machinery, wherewith the cloth was to be manufactured. As for the operatives, they were mostly taken from the planta-

tion of Colonel Peterson; and though their negro awkwardness at first spoiled many a pound of good cotton, and marred in prospect many a yard of excellent cloth, yet after a while they began to improve in their operations, and the factory as Mr. Treadwell said, worked like oil.

He had, however, one objection to the African operatives, to wit: a certain inalienable odor, which exhaled from their sooty skins, and to obviate which, he insisted upon it, that the rooms should be purified three times a day with some powerful neutralising agent; and he finally, after many experiments, contrived, and obtained a patent for, an invention, which was to cure the *native* smell, and which he called the *Anti-African-Odor-Gas-Generator*—to convey by means of tin pipes, the purifying and sweetening agent, through every part of the building.

Our operations excited a world of wonder among our neighbors; and various were the observations and remarks. At first they laughed at the Colonel and myself for a couple of noodles, to think of introducing a manufacturing concern into the chivalrous South.

“No, no!” said they, “our workshops should be on the other side of the Atlantic. At all events, if they must be suffered in this country, it should

be only on the other side of the Potomac. They should never be allowed to offend the eyes of Southern gentlemen."

There was for some time a good deal of speculation, among our more ignorant neighbors, as to what sort of goods we intended to manufacture. Some said it was to turn out wooden nutmegs ; others, bass-wood pumpkin seeds ; others, tin side-saddles ; and others again, wooden clocks ; while a fifth class swore roundly that it was to be a tariff manufactory.

Such were the observations while the factory was erecting ; and the project was treated with contempt, as one that must assuredly fail, and not only expose its undertakers to great loss, but to perpetual ridicule. The concern, however, was no sooner in successful operation, than the enraged nullifiers began to try what they could do to impede its progress. Sundry attempts were made to set it on fire ; others, to blow it up with gunpowder ; and others, to stop its progress by kidnapping the workman. But all these attempts were baffled by the remarkable foresight and vigilance of Timothy Treadwell, our able and skilful superintendant.

The last attempt made on our concern, was some time after my famous meeting with Major

Harebrain Harrington, who finding I would not consent to be honorably shot, took advantage of the prevailing prejudices of the people against our factory, to attempt to nullify me through my interest in that concern. This was an open attack of some sixty men, club in hand, with the redoubtable Major at their head. But here again, our factotum, Mr. Treadwell, was too many for them. Colonel Peterson would fain have had the mob dispersed with the use of a little cold lead.

“No,” said Mr. Treadwell—“a little cold water will do better. The lead will like enough kill the tarnal critters.”

“But you don’t expect,” said the Colonel “to disperse a mob of sixty men with a little cold water !”

“But I do though, returned the superintendent. “Only leave that to me. As soon as their plaguy nullification blood is once cooled a little, they will disperse as quiet as lambs.”

Accordingly Mr. Treadwell, ordered a powerful fire engine, which he had constructed with his own hands for the use of the factory to be manned ; and directing the nozzle of the pipe through a window, like a cannon at port hole, he aimed directly at the Major’s face, and struck him with such force, that he fell flat on his back at the first shot.

He cried out that he was a dead man ; that he felt the warm life blood running cold over his bosom ; and desired that I would come to him, that he might beg my forgiveness, for having plotted against my life, my peace, and especially against my union with Henrietta.

As soon as the leader was thus overthrown, the pipe of the engine was directed against the faces of his followers, who fell in like manner ; until fifteen of them being laid flat on their backs, the rest threw down their clubs and ran as if Satan were at their heels. Never was so great, and at the same time, so bloodless, a victory gained in so short a time. The Nullifiers, as fast as they found themselves alive, arose and sneaked away one by one ; and Mr. Timothy Treadwell, in consideration of his eminent services, was dubbed *Captain* on the spot.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE OLD WOMAN OF THE STAGE COACH.

If, as somebody or other says, poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, so travelling in a stage coach oftentimes brings us acquainted with a most singular set of beings—and this, like poverty, whether we will or no. Sitting cheek-by-jole, or face to face, we must perforce be sociable; and yet, like cats shaken together in a bag, we can scarcely at times avoid a little clapperclawing. We are packed together with bipeds of all sorts, from politicians to parrots, “from “pretty Poll” to prating Peggy. There are quadrupeds too, and the lapdog is often the least annoying puppy of the company. There are snuff-takers and tobacco chewers; there are coughers and spitters—Genius of Mrs. Trollope! what a medley.

And yet, making allowance for all the evils of stage travelling, there is no little amusement and even knowledge to be extracted from a situation of this kind; and a wise and prudent man, who I take it also a good natured one, instead of quarrelling with the evils, will make the best he can of

the palliating ingredients with which they may chance to be mixed.

Had it not been for stage travelling, I probably never should have had the honor of meeting with the most remarkable character in the world, Mrs. Trollope excepted. Like the latter, she had the reputation of being a book-maker and a tourist ; and, like her also, of dipping her pen into the very sediment of her ink, when writing of those who were so very unfortunate as not to have acquired her esteem.

Take her for all in all, I certainly never met with her like before. To a very short person and a face drawn up by age, she added a fierceness of spirit and a freedom of manners peculiar to herself. Her countenance might not unaptly be compared to a dried grape ; but she did not, like that fruit seem to have been at all sweetened by the drying process. The length of her tongue was in the inverse ratio to that of her person ; and if the latter was withered, the former gave evidence of abundant moisture, judging from the quantity of venom it spit.

Yet, as certain tart and acrid substances are capable of being improved by a saccharine mixture, so this sharp old lady might be materially softened by the sugar of flattery ; and even the

coarsest would serve her turn—the sand, the sawdust, and other impurities, being swallowed with the rest. People who are fond of flattery, are exceedingly apt to be imposed upon; and shrewd and sharp as was the **LITTLE OLD WOMAN OF THE STAGE COACH**, she had more than once, as I was informed, been sadly hoaxed.

She seemed to fancy herself a sort of Jupiter in petticoats; as holding in her hands the destinies of those whom she chose to honor with her presence; and as being endowed with power to confer a blessing or a ban, according as they treated her with regard, or otherwise. And this fancy of hers, had been confirmed by certain wags, who, for their own sport, had encouraged the self deception of the little old lady.

This singular personage, I was told, like the mysterious Peter Rugg, had been seen, for several years past, continually journeying from one part of the country to the other; sometimes in the east and sometimes in the west; sometimes in the north and sometimes in the south. She had formed part of the burden of every stage coach, and become the guest of every inn on every principal road in the Union. She had visited every editor, scolded every landlord, abused every priest, and flattered every person that flat-



tered her, from one end of the country to the other.

Some supposed her to be the Wandering Jew, disguised as a female—and more especially as she seemed to have a peculiar liking for the Israelites. Others believed her to be one of the Weird Sisters, and averred that, upon occasion, she had been seen coursing the air on a broomstick, instead of riding in a stage coach—particularly when the roads were impassable. Others said she was a Salamander, in proof of which, they adduced the wonderful fieriness of her disposition. Others, again thought her a personification of the Perpetual Motion. But whatever she might be, all parties agreed in one thing, that the sight of her, was more horrifying than that of old Nicholas himself.

It was generally believed she could never die. Some said she was immortal by nature; others, that she had got the “dry wilt,” and therefore would live forever. It was averred, that, from the time she was first seen journeying to and fro, she had never been perceived to grow older, to lose any part of her activity, or to be softened aught in the terrible vigor of her spirit. The hard rubs she had met with, it was said, had affected no change in her—not so much as even to

have rubbed off the sharp points and corners which had been found so excessively annoying to those with whom she had come in contact.

Horrifying as was the sight of the Little Old Woman of the Stage Coach, she was nevertheless an object of great curiosity in the towns and villages through which she passed : for even if Old Nicholas himself were to travel the country in his most formidable shape, people would feel an irresistible curiosity to take a peep at his brimstone majesty—since such is the disposition of mankind, that any out-of-the-way thing, whether it be very pleasing or very revolting, attracts equal attention.

It was the extraordinary being whom I have thus endeavoured to describe, that I happened to have for a stage companion in one of my professional journies. We were seated face to face ; nay, we were obliged to mingle feet with feet, in the usual manner in which the *understandings* of people are thrust together, in those villanously short vehicles, yclept stage coaches. Face to face, and feet to feet, with such a personage ! What a situation ! I can, if needful, browbeat a witness, face down a lawyer, and look a judge out of countenance ; but to be placed in the situation I was, with the terrible Little Old Woman of the Stage

Coach, and the prospect of continuing in that position for half a day together—it required all my Yankee philosophy and all my lawyer-like brass, even to think of it with any degree of composure.

I was scarcely well seated, when she opened upon me with a self-introduction.

“I am MRS. GOFURY,” said she, “though for that matter I need’nt take the trouble to inform you, for my celebrity is such that every body in the universe knows me, or ought to know me, without an introduction.”

“Certainly, madam,” said I, with a very low bow, “every body is acquainted with the reputation of the celebrated Mrs. Gofury—the thunderbolt of Ameriea, the severest castigator of the age, and the most unscrupulous censor of men and manners since the days of Horace and Juvenal; and certainly your person is too remarkable, to be for a single moment mistaken for that of any other personage whatever.”

“Very well said, young man,” she replied with an air of satisfaction at the depth of plaister I had laid on—but the next moment contracting her brows and compressing her lips, she added in a sharp voice, “but if you was so perfectly well aware in whose presence you sat, how did it

happen, sir, that you took no more notice of me than if I had been a vulgar, every-day woman? Answer me that, Mr. Trinculum—or whatever your name is?”

Here I found I had got myself on one horn of a dilemma, by my ready admission of her unconcealed and unconcealable celebrity; and yet I must have fallen on the other horn, had I avowed any sort of ignorance or doubt as to the renowned personage before me. I endeavored to extricate myself as well as I could.

“True, madam,” said I, “you speak most sagely and judiciously. The only reason I did not address you first, was, the unbounded respect with which your name, your presence, and your severe virtues impressed me.”

“You’re a modest young man,” said she, brightening into something like a smile, “and I like you the better for it. You know what is due to talents and renown. I perceive you are a man of merit, and I’ll take you under my special patronage. I’ll make your name known from end of the Union to the other, if you’ll favour me with it.”—Saying this, she took out her tablets, which were covered over with shocking black lines, and prepared to write.

Now might I have been rendered immortal on

the very easiest terms ; and I need not have written this book to let the world know, that at such a time and such a place, on the banks of the Santee, there lived and flourished such a person as Elnathan Elmwood, Esquire. But modesty, which has stood in the way of many a better man, prevailed, and I, very respectfully, replied—"my name is of no consequence, madam."

"Well, name or no name," said she, "you are the only real gentleman and sensible man I have met with in a dog's age. You Yankees—I know you're a Yankee by the cut of your jib—You Yankees, when you *are* gentlemen, are first rate."

I bowed thrice for this compliment, and the Little Old Woman went on.

"As for the South," continued she, "almost the only polite gentlemen are the turkey-buzzards. They bow to me bobbingly as I pass, and always treat me with civility—which is more than I can say of the other bipeds. Of all black coats, give me a crow, or a turkey-buzzard.

From this, she took occasion to attack a gentleman in black who sat in one corner of the carriage—calling him a rascally priest, with other hard names.

"You are mistaken, ma'am," said the gentle-

man in sables—"I am Belzebub, your near relation."

"Then to Belzebub with you," spualled the old lady—"I was sure you must be some brimstone character or other. I wash my hands of all such relationship."

Finding his joke thus thrown back upon himself, the gentleman seemed to recollect that discretion was the better part of valor, and to resolve thereafter to continue silent.

The next person, who ventured to measure tongues with the Little Old Woman, was a medical graduate.

"Madam," said he, "I am about publishing a work on the LINGUAL LONGITUDINALS, and should like to know the length of your tongue."

"Hoity-toity?" exclaimed the old woman, "so, you've broken out in a new place have you, Doctor Pillpenniwinkle. As to my tongue, you'll find it long enough before you've done with me; and for the length of your ears, that is too apparent to be a matter of doubt to any body. You a son of Æsculapius! I wouldn't trust you to physic my dog."

In this manner Mrs. Gofury silenced the guns of her adversaries, whilst a constant and thundering report was kept up from her own. If she

could not vanquish by superior gunnery, she was certain to do it by the greater frequency and more determined perseverance of her shots.

It would be long, even if I could recollect it, to relate the discourse of that memorable occasion ; which after a few rapid shots pro and con, was all on one side. In a word Mrs. Gofury had it all to herself—exemplifying in the most effectual manner that words could do, the practical result of Nullification.

We parted company at the first village—Mrs. Gofury, the gentleman in black, and the medical graduate taking one road—while the five other passengers together with myself took another. This was the last and only time I ever met with the Little Old Woman of the Stage Coach ; but since that time, I am credibly informed, she has entirely dried up and evaporated, all except her tongue.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A MEETING OF BLACK POLITICIANS—CÆSAR JOHNSON'S SPEECH ON NULLIFICATION.

Mr. Harrington was still as bitterly opposed as ever to my union with his daughter, and my matrimonial prospects remained in *statu quo* ; when an event happened in the neighborhood, which having apparently no connexion with my private interests or personal concerns, was nevertheless calculated to have a material effect on both.

Returning one evening from an unsuccessful attempt to see my Henrietta, I heard a loud shouting in one of the negro huts on the plantation of Mr. Harrington ; and catching, as I thought, here and there a word on the great topic, which I knew absorbed nearly all the thoughts and feelings of the white population ; and having a curiosity to know what these untutored blacks could find to say on the subject, I drew near to listen.

I found there was a meeting of woolly politicians, and that the subject of discussion, excited no little interest. “ Fullah ! fullah ! ” shouted the whole assembly, as a favorite orator rose to speak.



This was no less a man than Cæsar Johnson, a tall, stout, middle aged negro, with a commanding presence and a dignity of mien, that seemed to insure him the respect and attention of his fellow slaves.

“You know berry well, gemmen,” said he, “dat all mankine bin born free and equal. Natur teach you dat—reasm teach you dat—de Conseltutium teach you dat. You feel it in eb-ery fibre o’ your skin—in eb-ery pore o’ your flesh—in eb-ery narve o’ your marrer—in eb-ery tought, and feelin, and sensatium o’ your whole mortal soul and body, from de tip eend o’ your little finger to de ball o’ your great toe, and from de crown o’ your foot to de sole o’ your head. Now spose your head be cubber wid wool, and your foot be flat on de bottom like a hoe-cake, and your skin be brack as de ace o’ spades, and your lip be tick as the corn-cob and your shin be crooked as a rainbow—I don’t lude to you, Cuffee, in tickular—nor you, Sambo—nor you, Pompey—but I say spose all dese misfortums do tach to us gemmon o’ color, is any reasm why we no born free and eqnal to any odder man, whedder libing or dead?

“Wait gemmen, till I get trough fore you spress any compinium. Sambo, shet up your big mouf at two motiums, if you please. I no

like de plause' clappin o' hands, and de stompin o' feet, wile a gemman is speaking. It break de train o' him's idees, and put him out o' place, so he forgit what he goin to say in de middle o' he speech. No pology, Sambo—you keep your mouf shet, dat all I ax o' you.

“Now you know bery well, gemman, dat if all mankine bin born free and equal, den it foller of course dat all mankine should lib free and equal; dat all should hab de same infeasible right to de fruisse of de earf—to de corn—to de bacon—to de hoe-cake—to de seet tater—to de water mellon—to de fine cloze—and abub all de whiskey—and to ebery odder fruisse of de earf, whedder he grow spontanemously, or whedder he come by cultivatium, or whedder, second and lastly, he be manufacter out of a man's hand. All dis, gemmen, I take to be soun argificatium, pendin on de natur and reasum of tings, and no to be ober-trow at all.

“Sush bein de case, I would ax you, gemmen—but I don't speck you to answer me—I say, I would ax you, how it happen dat one man hab a silver spoon in his mouf, anodder man a wooden one, and anodder man hab no spoon at all? And again I would ax you how it happen dat one man, cause he hab a wite skin, a tin lip, a trait shin,

and no wool on de head, should do noffin all day but ride in he coach, wear fine cloze, and eat and drink de bess of ebery ting, wile de poor African, cause of his bodily misfortums, must work, work all day, from mornin till night—neber wear fine cloze—never eat good vittel—hab only a peck o' corn a week—and be flog in de bargain? gosh amighty! why should all dis be?

“I see, gemmen, de big tear stan in your eye—I see him trittle down your cheek in large drops, one follerin todder, and todder comin arter dat—I see your breass heave—I see your lip quiber—I see you blush wid indignatium—I see your whole frame agitrate like de trong waves o' de salt sea. But I no wish to move you, gemman—I no wish to cite your trong feelins; but I would dress you in de cool langrage o' soun reasum, and solemn argificatium, and prove dat we sons of Africa, bein born free and equal, cordin to the natur of tings and de Conseltutium of dese Unitum States, hab rights as well as any man in dis breavin worl, whoeber he be.

“Now, gemmen, wat mus we do? I ax phatically wat mus we do? Don't all speak at once. Don't you open your mouf, Cato, till I'm done; den you shall hab an opperchance to spress your compinium—and you too, Pompey. At present you keep your mouf shet.

“Once more I ax you, gemman, wat mus we do in dis perdictlement? Mus we submit foreber and a day? Mus we dure dis state of tings? Mus we work like dog for oder men, and no enjoy de fruisse of our own labor?

“I ax agin, gemmen, wat mus we do in dis perdictlement? Wy, I will tell you wat we mus do—we mus *Nullifly*—ay, gemman, we mus *Nullifly*. Wat make you show de wite o’ your eyes in dat manner, Cuffy? Wat make you stare so, Sambo? Did you neber hear o’ *Nulliflicatium* afore, Den it’s full time you did. Did you neber hear o’ Gubenor Hamlington, and Curnil Hayne, and Misser McDuffle, and Docker Crooper, and Misser Clouhne, and all de great men in Souf Carolina? Sure you hab. Well now, gemmen, all dese great men—wat you tink o’ dem, ha? You tink dey all *Nulliffiers*? Den, for once in your life, you tink right.

“Now, gemmen, I spose you don’t know de meanin of de word. Well, I mus splain myself den. A Nullifier be a man wat does cisely as he please, and no tanks to nobody. He neider obey law nor consultutium. He neider pay tax, nor sport Guberment, nor submit to any man, whoeber he be. In a single word, gemmen, de Nullifier is de mos independant man in de whole

worl. Wateber he don't like, he Nullify. One State, he Nullify ~~de~~ <sup>d</sup> whole Unitum States; one County, he Nullify de whole State; one leetle Town, he Nullify de Whole County; one wite gemmen, he Nullify de whole town; and one brack gemman, he Nullify—look Sambo, and see dat no wite man is listnin—I tought I see a wite face peakin trough de winner jes now. Is nobody dere? praps 'twas merely de ghose of my maginatium. Be sure nobody dere? Well den de brack man Nullify de wite one.

“Yes, gemmen, we mus stan on our *zarve rights*. Wat! shall de sassy wite man Nullify the Guberment? and shall not we, de color men, Nullify de wite one? Wat has Guberment done to Misser McDuffle, and Curnil Hyane, and Docker Crooper, and all de ress of de Nullifiers, compared wid wat dese same Nullifiers have done to us? Has de Guberment take away deire liberty? Has de Guberment eat up all de bacon, and de hominy, and de hoe-cake, and de seet tater, wat de Nullifiers make? Has de Guberment strip em to de skin and flog 'em as dey *zarve*, wid a cat o'-nine-tails? Neber. And yet, gemmen, dey nullify de Guberment. And wat, I ax you, should hinner us from Nullifyin de Nullifiers.

“But mark me, gemmen, I would’nt vise you to do any ting rash. Keep cool, and in dat way we get de vantage ober de hot headed wite men, whose brain all afire like a blazin tar barrel. Yes, gemmen, I again devise you, do noffin rash, but when de oberseer, he order you to go to work in de mornin, merely fole up your hans and stan on your *zarve rights*. Dis is a peaceable remery ; and sure as you lib it will pose him. Den, spose he offer to flog you, or raise a han to make you work, take to your heel and run as if de dibble was arter you, Dis, if I no mistake de word, gemmen, de Nullifliers call de right of *Fleesessium*.

“Dus far, you perceive, de remery is altoged-er a peaceable one. But de moment de oberseer, or any odder white man, tempt to fesh yon back agin, den de fault is deir own—den de war begins on deir side, and dey mus take de consequence.”

“Now, gemmen,” concluded Cæsar, “I hab finish my speech, and you may spress your *compinim*. Now is de time for you clap your hans and stomp your feet, and cry fullah ! if you see any ting in wat I said zarvin your plause and ammiration.”

This permission was no sooner granted, than the walls rang again with admiring plaudits ; and “Fullah ! fullah !-fullah !” and “Tree times tree !”

resounded in a manner to shame any white caucus I ever had the honor of attending.

A sharp contest now arose to see who should next have the floor. One party bawled for Cato Clump, and another insisted upon hearing Pompey Crookshin. Which of these orators finally succeeded in keeping the floor, I did not stay long enough to ascertain, being fully satisfied with the speech of Cæsar, as a clear exposition of the objects of the meeting, as well as a very lucid and irrefragable argument in favour of Nullification.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### UNFORTUNATE COMMENCEMENT OF A PEACE- ABLE REMEDY---RESORT TO SECESSION.

Had not Cæsar Johnson declared in positive terms, to his coloured associates, that his proposed remedy was perfectly a peacable one, I should have felt it my duty to have apprised Mr. Harrington and the neighboring planters of what I had accidentally overheard; or at least, to have put them on their guard against the machinations of their slaves. But as it was expressly declared by the mouthpiece of the meeting, that no violence was intended, unless it should be provoked by a forcible opposition to the peacable remedy, I determined not to interfere between the white and black Nullifiers; but to let the merits of the new doctrine be fairly brought to the test of experience.

Letting blood is sometimes the only efficient remedy for the ravings of a lunatic. But I confess I had no desire to see so sanguinary a cure adopted for the prevailing madness of the South; and especially to see the instruments of phlebotomy.



my, in the hands of infuriated slaves. But the first trial of the new doctrine by the blacks, I felt assured would be rather ludicrous than bloody; and as to its after consequences, it was plain that they might be foreseen in time to provide against them.

That certain of the slaves, were plotting against the interests of their masters, was pretty evident. Indeed, so openly was the meeting held, of which I accidentally became a witness, that nothing less than the all-absorbing topic, which seemed to swallow up the whole attention of their masters, could have prevented its being noticed by the whites. But so engaged were they in preparing to nullify the laws of the United States, that they had no suspicion whatever of the plot that was brewing among their slaves to nullify them.

Not having witnessed the conclusion of the sabble meeting, I had no idea how soon its members intended to make trial of their peaceable remedy; and I was somewhat surprized on hearing the next morning that the slaves of Mr. Harrington, and those of sundry other planters had absolutely refused to work.

The first news I had of this was from my negro

Tom, who came running into my office in breathless haste and exclaiming, "Massa, massa, de Nullifiers ! de Nullifiers !"

"The Nullifiers !" said I, "well what of them ?"

"Why, massa, dey play de dibble and turn up Jack."

"The deuce they do ?" said I. "and who are the Nullifiers that you speak of ?"

"Oh, eber so many color man. In de first place, dere's C<sub>E</sub>sar Johnson, and Cato Clump, and Pompey Crookshin and Cuffee Brown, and Sambo White, and eber so many more black niggers, dat won't do a single troke o' work."

"What's the reason they won't work ?" said I, feigning ignorance of the cause.

"Why, massa," said Tom looking rather puzzled and scratching his woolly head, "I no zackly understan 'em myself; but I blieve 'tis some maggit dey got in deir heads about sarved rights, and---and, some oder crinkum crankums, and fly-blows, dat make 'em all crazy. I no understan 'em, no how, massa."

"But where did you get all this news, Tom ?"

"I get 'em mostly from Dinah Phillis, massa."

"And where did Dinah get it ?"

"Why, massa she see de niggers would'nt

work. Den dey git flog, and den Dinah she come here to tell me all about it."

"Then they got floged, did they?"

"Yes massa, de nigger-driver, he tie 'em up a tree, and flog 'em all round."

"That must be a day's work, Tom."

"Yes, massa, bad day's work dat."

"A bad day's work! how so?"

"Cause it make em feel bad."

"Makes who feel bad?"

"De niggers, massa."

"What would you have done with 'em then?"

"Don't know, massa, Bad business---bad business. First deir massas put de maggitt in deir noodles bout Nullification; den dey flogs 'em cause de maggitt bite."

There was certainly some colour of justice in this rather sarcastic reflection of Tom's; but having no desire to encourage insubordination, I told him to go about his business, and not to make to free with the character of white gentlemen.

In the course of the day I visited some of the plantations where the doctrines of Reserved Rights and Nullification had begun to operate. Cæsar Johnson's peaceable remedy, brought little

peace either to him or his coadjutors. The more feeble-minded or less obstinate, indeed, yielded to the argument of the lash, and returned to their duty ; but the more resolute of purpose and the more determined believers in Nullification, among whom were the leaders of the party, and they were only released when the hands of the operator were weary of applying the lash.

Night brought a cessation to their troubles. The first part of their favorite remedy had been tried ; and to their sore grief, was found to operate more severely against themselves than their masters. Fearful of being utterly nullified, if they should persevere in their former mode of proceeding, they resolved forthwith to *cecede*. A secret council was called ; and measures taken for immediate action. Corn-cribs and smoke-houses were broken open and robbed, hen-roosts were plundered ; and such provisions as they would hastily collect, were got together for their march. They were also provided with some rude weapons of defence.

Thus provisioned and equipped, Cæsar Johnson, Cato Clump, Pompey Crookshin and their coadjutors, consisting of about fifty males, and about half as many females, abandoned their huts

to make further trial of their peaceable remedy ; and, before the morning light, had made such use of their legs, as to render null and void all immediate pursuit.

## CHAPTER XV.

### FIRE AND SLAUGHTER, BLOOD AND RAPINE-- BATTLE OF THE CANE-BRAKE---A VICTORY IN MORE RESPECTS THAN ONE.

The next day after the *secession* of Cæsar Johnson and his coadjutors, it was noised abroad that a great revolt had taken place among the slaves. Rumor, with her hundred tongues, was busy ; and, as she is wont, did not fail to exaggerate prodigiously. Some accounts said, all the blacks in the State had risen ; others, that the insurrection was confined to a single district ; others, that the number of insurgents was not above three thousand ; while others again were content to limit them to one thousand.

But it was generally agreed that their acts were awfully bloody and destructive ; that they were carrying fire, and sword, and rapine, wherever they went ; that they plundered houses, and then burnt them ; that they first slaughtered the white people, and then like cannibals, ate them. Cæsar Johnson, it was averred, was seen to devour alive three little children for his breakfast.

Where all these atrocities were enacted, however, nobody seemed fairly to understand. In fact nobody could tell where the insurgents were. But they were somewhere about, and that the atrocities described were enacted, and still enacting, was fully believed. Some said they were here, some there, and some in another place. In short, a great many extravagant things were reported and believed respecting poor Cæsar and his handful of Nullifiers; but very little was certainly known concerning them.

That the negroes had arisen, and that some means must be devised to put them down, seemed to be the only things agreed upon. But in relation to those means, people differed almost as much as in their estimates of the nature and extent of the danger. Some thought the entire militia of the State should be called out; others deemed that twenty thousand men would be abundantly sufficient for the emergency, provided they were well officered and equipped; others thought that ten thousand would do, and that a couple of volunteer corps of five thousand each—one to be calvary and the other infantry, would subdue the blacks in a very short time. Others said, they would not depend on infantry and calvary alone; but should raise a corps of

artillery. There was again another party, who professed to ridicule the fears of all the rest; and declared that the very idea of raising an army to put down a few hundred niggers, was a disgrace to the chivalry of the South. One thousand good mounted men, said they, will in a week's time, cut to pieces every insurgent nigger in the whole state.

From the nature and magnitude of the danger and the necessary means of arresting it, observations next began to be made on the probable cause of the insurrection. One said it was owing to the d——d Yankees, who were always meddling with the slave question; and that they had stirred up the blacks to cut their masters' throats. Another ascribed it to the Quakers, who had no more sense than to be opposed to slavery from principle; and who were constantly using their sneaking endeavors for the emancipation of the whole human race. A third, laid it to the Colonization Society, who, he said, were led on by Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and Chief Justice Marshall, to overthrow, break down, and pervert the entire order of things in the South. A fourth, and of course a Nullifier, would have it that the Union party were at the bottom of all this mischief; and he adduced, what he con-



sidered an unanswerable argument, to prove his position ;—to wit, that it was only the slaves of the Nullifiers that had revolted, while all those of the Union men kept quietly about their business.

This last argument, which it seems had not occurred to every body, was considered to have much weight, and the suspicions of the Nullifiers began to settle very decidedly upon the Union men. The fact, as stated by the last speaker, to whatever cause it might be owing, was found on examination to be verified. Why it should so happen in every instance, is certainly a matter somewhat difficult to comprehend. That the revolted blacks had caught the mania of Nullification from their masters, is perfectly evident ; but why the contagion should not in some instances have spread to the slaves of the Union party I know not ; unless it were among the just decrees of fate, that the bitter chalice should be especially commended to the lips of those who had so rashly prepared it.

But the Union men did not bear the accusation of their opponents in silence. They retorted by declaring the truth. They ascribed to the right cause—to wit, the Nullifiers themselves—the insurrection of their too apt scholars, the Nullify-

ing slaves. They showed this to be no other than a necessary consequence of the new doctrine, and but a beginning of the many evils likely to arise from it. However, said they, to prove to you the more fully that we had no agency in exciting the revolt, we will freely aid you in putting it down, and in saving you as far as we are able, from the consequences of your own folly and madness.

It was no time for disputes and recriminations, and both parties set to work in earnest to suppress the revolt. But in order to put down the blacks, it was necessary to ascertain where they were. Having *seceded* in the dead of night, nobody knew whether they had gone, or could throw any light on the subject.

Diligent inquiry was now set on foot, not only to ascertain their position, but likewise their probable numbers. In regard to the first, success was not easily to be attained. A party of men, after scouring the country for several miles round, returned as wise as they went. Other parties were sent out with the like success; nothing could be seen or heard of the insurgents. In regard to their numbers, however, it was pretty soon ascertained that the reports had been prodigiously exaggerated. The Nullification

mania had as yet spread to the blacks of but a few of the plantations, and of the slaves who had been originally attacked, many had been cured, as before mentioned, by the use of the lash.

The truth being ascertained by actual examination, the fears of the people began very much to subside. The raw heads and bloody bones, which they had conjured up in their alarmed imaginations, presently vanished away. It even began to be seriously doubted whether a single murder had been committed, or a single house laid in ashes. Some of the planters indeed missed their bacon, their corn, and their fowls. Some agricultural implements had also disappeared, such as axes, hoes, scythes, and the like. A few guns were likewise missing; but neither powder, ball, shot, nor any other ammunition seemed to have gone with them.

That the blacks intended to fight, however, in case of necessity, appeared altogether probable. Poorly provided as they were with the munitions of war, they would not be likely to yield without a struggle. The very nature of the case seemed to indicate that fighting must be the final resort. The guns also showed that such a result was contemplated, though in the hurry and perturbation of their escape, the negroes had forgot-

ten the ammunition. The axes, the scythes, and other implements, might likewise be used as weapons of defence.

Though the number, therefore, of the insurgents was small, it was deemed absolutely necessary to employ arms against them, as soon as the place of their retreat should be found. Not only were they to be subdued by force, but to be made an example of for a warning to others—to be shot down, killed and cut to pieces, for the benefit of their sable brethren at home.

Such was the sanguinary advice of certain of the Nullifiers, who thought the chivalry of the South could not be maintained without the destruction of these misguided blacks. Others still more cold and cruel, though they should be captured alive, and afterwards put to death with tortures. But, on the whole, more gentle counsels prevailed, and certainly more prudent ones—for a dead negro is of no value to the planter, while a live one will fetch from three to five hundred, and sometimes a thousand dollars.

But it was perfectly idle to debate on the ways and means of subduing and disposing of the slaves before it was known where they were to be found. Several days of unavailing search had been kept up, and no signs of them appear-

ed. Smoke houses, corn-cribs, and hen-roosts were nightly plundered ; but whither the booty went, no one could tell. At last however their retreat was discovered, by mere accident, in the depth of a cane-brake.

It was now resolved forthwith to rout or to capture them. A considerable body of mounted men were soon organized for this purpose. The larger part of these were Nullifiers, and armed with sword and pistol. Several of the Union men, among whom were Colonel Peterson, Captain Treadwell, and myself, were disinclined to the use of deadly weapons, as being quite unnecessary for the recovery of a few miserable runaway blacks. We hoped the power of persuasion would be sufficient, and merely took each a tough cudgel, to be used in case of absolute necessity.

Cesar Johnson had chosen his retreat with no little judgment—for, after leaving our horses at the entrance of the cane-brake, we found the passage so difficult, on account of the thick and powerful growth of tall reeds, that it took us no little time to reach the camp of our sable antagonists. Some of our party were for setting fire to the brake, and thus Nullifying the miserable wretches by burning them in their encampment.

Captain Treadwell, on the other hand, thought that water would be the more judicious instrument for subduing them; in support of which, he cited the case of the attack on the factory, much to the annoyance of the Nullifiers, some of whom had been engaged in that famous assault; and he ended by regretting exceedingly that he had not brought along the fire engine.

As soon as we arrived at the spot, being a cleared space of some little extent, the blacks were ordered to surrender.

“Neber!” said Cesar Johnson, grasping an empty gun-barrel, and placing himself in the van of his coadjutors—“neber will we render, so long as de breaf remain in dese mortal bodies. We hab put ourselves on our *zarved rights*; we hab extorted to *fleecessium*; we hab till dis moment use only de *peaceeble remery*; and now, gemmen, if you temp to carry us way by forcible arm, contrary to de Conseltutium, by de holy hoe-cake we will fend ourselves to de last drop of blood wat flow in our veins.

This speech was responded to by a general “Fullah!” from the throats of all the blacks, who, seizing their weapons, stood upon the defensive. The Nullifiers were now about commencing the attack with pistol in hand, when Colonel

Peterson stepped forward, and in a mild tone of persuasion, endeavored to convince the deluded slaves of the fatal madness of their undertaking; and to urge their return to the employment and protection of their masters.

“*Pertectium!*” exclaimed Cæsar, flourishing his weapon, “I bomblenate de word; and by gosh! I” nullify any man, wedder black or wite, wat mention de ting.”

With that he whirled his gun-barrel thrice around his head, and was on the very point of nullifying the Colonel, when Captain Treadwell dexterously drew his long cudgel across Cæsar’s shins, and laid him prostrate on the ground.

The battle now commenced in good earnest. Black against white, and white against black; nullifiers on this side and nullifiers on that. Here swords and pistols, powder and ball; there, scythes and hoes, axes and empty guns.

Pop! went the pistols; whiz! went the bullets; cut! went the swords; slambang; went the gunbarrels; slash! went the axes, thump! went the hoes. In short, fire and fury, madness and rage, despair and vengeance, blood and wounds, bruises and contusions, jargon and confusion, mingled pell-mell and ruled the hour.

A bullet from the pistol of Captain Firebrand

sped like lightning, and carried off one half the right ear of Cato Clump ; nor did it stop here, but passing onward, grazed the cheek of Cuffee Brown, and finally lodged in the thick wool of Majory Mistletoe. But Cato Clump did not patiently, nor unrevenged, endure the dismemberment of his ear ; for swinging his hoe-handle, both three and four times around his head to gather vengeance for the onset, he thus addressed Captain Firebrand—"Now take de venge of a color man ! If dis blow no nullify you, I neber try agin"—and letting drive at the Captain's head, he brought flat to the earth Peter Grimshaw, the Captain's right hand man, who had no more sense than to stand straight up, while the Captain, by judiciously bobbing his head avoided the blow.

"Dere you lie, Misser Cap'n !" shouted Cato exultingly—when looking once more to see that he was fairly done for, he exclaimed, "By gosh, I kill de wrong man !"

A few steps off, Toby Thicklip, with a truculent scythe, aimed a sweep at the trap sticks of Sergeant Slim, at the same time exclaiming with a horrid grin, "Dat take of your understanin, by goles !" He let drive, and came within an ace of cutting Robert Short in two in the middle : for



at the particular moment, when the sharp instrument swept where erst were the legs of Sergeant Slim, the prudent Sergeant dexterously bounded from the ground and escaped the shortening stroke.

“That was nimbly done, by Jove!” exclaimed Corporal Flunk; and throwing his pistol at the head of Toby, as he saw him approaching with his scythe, he took to his heels, resolving never to look back till he should be securly ensconced in the thickest part of the cane-brake.

His pistol in the mean time enacted wonders—for entering the huge mouth of Toby, it passed directly down his throat; where it no sooner lodged, than it went off; and the muzzle happening to point forwards, the ball arrested the flight of Corporal Flunk, who in his speed leaning forward at an angle of forty five degrees, received the envious lead just beneath his shoulder blade. Thus adding another proof to the thousands which had been given before, that a soldier seldom gains any thing by running away in battle.

The bold and chivalrous Lieutenant Flimflam, standing at a safe distance from his sooty foes, with sword in hand cut right and left; and, in the rage of his valour, did or was prepared to do, most astonishing feats. Brandishing his weapon

he manfully called on his sooty foes, and dared them if they had the least spark of courage, or any desire whatever to be cut to pieces, to come on, and place themselves within reach of his sword.

“Come on! come on! you dastardly niggers. Come on, you rebels. Come on, you cowardly slaves. I’ll cut you up in fine style. I’ll learn you to secede from your masters. I’ll leave neither hide hair, nor any part of you. Only come here, that’s all I ask of you.”

As he said this, and still kept brandishing his sword right and left, he accidentally sliced off three good inches from the heel of Rosa Flatfoot, who happened just at that instant, in flouncing and bouncing and cutting high capers in derision of his prowess, to bring her too exuberant heels within reach of his puissant weapon.

While these feats were enacting, the war ragged with prodigious vigor in other quarters; and Sambo White and Pompey Crookshin performed deeds of valor worthy of the reserved rights for which they were contending. Sambo White raised aloft an enormous axe, already blushing with anticipated gore, and discharged it full into the head of Mr. Portius Puff, exclaiming at the same time, “Dat brain you, any how!” But Sambo

was mistaken. A puff of wind came out, like imprisoned gas from a bottle of beer, and lo! the scone was empty.

As he fell, Pompey Crookshin snatched the pistol from his quivering fingers, and turned it full against the face of Simon Flash. And now had been Simon's last hour—but, fortunately, Mr. Portius Puff had forgotten to insert the ball. Nevertheless the luxuriant whiskers on which Mr. Flash valued himself above all other properties, caught fire from the pistol; and being filled with sundry oleaginous substances, whereby their growth had been promoted, the devouring flame sped rapidly, and the whole crop was laid in ashes before the conflagration could be arrested.

While Pompey Crookshin stood wondering at the combustion he had caused, a bullet, from an unknown hand, struck him in the middle of the forehead; and finding his skull made of impentrationable stuff, bounded back, and taking an opposite Nullifier just between the lips, carried away two of his teeth, and descended with them down his throat.

But Cuffee Brown was less fortunate than Pompey Crookshin: for as he was brandishing his hoe-handle, and laying about him with un-

spairing hand, a ball which had glanced from another of the hard heads of his coadjutors, took him sideways on the under lip, and carried off a half a pound of that luxuriant organ.

The battle still continued thick and warm. Feats of wonderful prowess were enacted on both sides. Among those who distinguished themselves on the part of the whites, was Mr. Harrington. But now, owing to his age and over exertion, his strength was beginning to flag. Opposed to him was a negro of prodigious strength, who having struck down his opponent's weapon and deprived him of his chapeau at the same stroke, was about letting fall a blow, which would inevitably have finished him; when at that critical moment, I sprang between him and danger.

"Wat! you here, Massa Ellumwood?" exclaimed the black, dropping his weapon. "Me no can hurt you, massa, me die first, you good to brack man, Massa Ellumwood."

Saying this he retired to another part of the field. He was one of Mr. Harrington's slaves, and the deference he paid to me was owing to some trifling favours on my part, whereby I had won his affection and regard.

Mr. Harrington was no sooner relieved from

his imminent peril, than grasping my hand with the utmost warmth, he declared he was indebted to me for his life ; he entreated my pardon for his past opposition ; and swore if he had twenty daughters, I should now marry them all.

I thanked him for his great liberality ; but assured him I should be perfectly satisfied with the one he had.

“No, that you shan’t,” he exclaimed, “for I will settle upon you immediately one half my estate ; and more than that, I will renounce Nullification henceforth and forever.”

The battle still continued to rage with very little abatement ; and the white Nullifiers, who had expended nearly all their ammunition, to very little purpose, were beginning to get the worst of it ; when the Union men, adopting the example of Captain Treadwell, directed their efforts to the most vulnerable part of the persons of their sooty antagonists ; and by a few well aimed blows at their shins, soon laid the leaders prostrate on the ground, when the rest threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war—those who had been disabled, or despoiled of their courage by the *shinning* mode, being taken prisoners of course. Among these,

as the reader will recollect, was the heroic chief and incomparable orator, Cæsar Johnson.

As this is the only battle worthy of note, since the famous one of Waterloo, it may be not amiss to subjoin a list of the killed, wounded and

risoners.

### WHITE NULLIFIERS.

<i>Killed,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	0
<i>Wounded :</i>	By Splitting the Head	-	-	-	-	-	1
	Knocking out the Teeth	-	-	-	-	-	3
	Burning off the Whiskers	-	-	-	-	-	1
	Cracking the Sconce	-	-	-	-	-	4
	A Bullet under the Scapula	-	-	-	-	-	1
	Touching the Sense of Chivalry	-	-	-	-	-	6
	<i>A Posteriori</i>	-	-	-	-	-	11
							—
					Total,		27
<i>Taken Prisoners</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	0
							—

### BLAGK NULLIFIERS.

<i>Killed</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	0
<i>Wounded :</i>	By Dismembering the Under Lip	-	-	-	-	-	1
	Dittto the Right Ear	-	-	-	-	-	1
	Grazing the Cheek	-	-	-	-	-	1

# THE NULLIFIERS.

137

A Bullet in the Wool	.	1
Slicing off the Heel	- -	1
A Pistol down the Throat	-	1
Touching the Sense of Feeling		9
Whacking the Shins	- -	10

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Total, 25

*Taken Prisoners* - The Whole Squad.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

All obstacles being now removed, and no cause for delay remaining, my union with Henrietta was immediately consummated. To describe domestic bliss, so as to convey an adequate idea to the mind of the reader, is no feasible undertaking. In order to be understood, it must be seen—nay felt—and therefore I despair of enlightning those, who are unacquainted with the matter in general, on the subject of my own particular felicity. If, however, they will take the trouble to call on me at Elmwood Retreat—for such is the name given by my wife to a noble plantation presented us by her father—they shall have such demonstration of my present comforts, as an ample fortune, an open house, a happy master, and a hospitable mistress can furnish.

Some philosophers will have it that love is a disease ; in proof of which they aver that it is invariably put an end to, or cured, by marriage. Without admitting either the alleged fact or the argument built upon it, and it may be sufficient



to say, that love seems often-times to be contagious; and, if it be not a *dis-ease*, is marvellously apt to produce *un-easy* effects. These effects are by no means confined to class or color, as I had occasion to notice in relation to my negro Tom; who, the very next day after I was married, came to me with a very dolorous countenance, rolling up his eyes like a duck in a thunder-storm, laying his hand significantly on his stomach, and sighing like a pair of blacksmith's bellows.

“Well, Tom, what's the matter?” said I.

“I don't know, Massa,” said he—“I neber feel so afore, and don't zactly feel so now. It tink it must be lub, Massa.”

“Love! you snow-ball—what can you be in love with? a flitch of bacon, or a red-coat?”

“No, massa—wid Dinah Phillis. Neberdless, massa, I like de bacon and de red coat too?”

“Well, what have I to do with your love affairs?”

“Wy, massa, it all de fashion to git marry now. Misser Highman, he light de pine knot yesserday, and I tought I might as well marry afore he go out massa.”

“So, yuo’re growing sentimental, Tom. It’s full time you were married.”

“Tank you, massa. Shall I have de red coat to be marry in?”

“Ay, Tom, you may have any colour you please.”

“I no very tikular bout de colour, massa, so he be red.”

Tom was married, according to his desire in a flaming scarlet coat. But the example proved to be a verytroublesome one—for all the darkies in the neighbourhood desired to be married in red coats; and even sundry matches were struck up for no thor purpose than to have the pleasure of appearing for one day in a scarlet suit; and poor Tom was nearly importuned to death by sable bridegrooms, of all sorts and sizes, for the loan of his coat.

My father-in-law was at first inclined to take severe measures with his reconquered blacks. But, through my intercession, they were finally pardoned. I cousenting to take them for my share of the slaves, which he insisted, in connexion with the half his real estate, in bestowing upon me. They were now thoroughly cured of Nullification; and more faithful blacks I could not desire. But being utterly opposed to slavery,

and well convinced, not only of the feasibility, but of the advantage of introducing white labour into the South, I shortly emancipated them all, and sent such as would consent to go, to Liberia, with ample provision for their settlement in that happy and thriving colony.

My example has been followed in part by Mr. Harrington, and sundry of our neighbours, who having abandoned Nullification, and become convinced of the importance of free white labour, have begun gradually to adopt the practice of colonization. A few of the late misguided blacks were sent to Georgia and Louisiana; but through the influence of my father in law, Colonel Peterson, and, I may add also, myself, I am happy to record that not a drop of blood was shed by way of retribution.

The experiment of Colonel Peterson and myself, in the manufacturing way, succeeds beyond our expectation. We are now erecting a second mill, and our ingenious factor, Captain Timothy Treadwell, has been taken as a joint partner into the concern. His Anti-African-odor-gas-generator, entirely fulfilled the intention for which it was invented; but being rather expensive and rather troublesome withal, by his advice, we

have dismissed the coloured operatives, and supplied their place by an importation of Yankees.

The prejudice with which our establishment was at first viewed, is now beginning to wear away. No attack has been made on it since the memorable defeat of the assailants, recorded in a former chapter ; and I am apt to think it has had had a very good effect in banishing, at least from our neighborhood the mania of Nullification.

Captain Treadwell, as if his active genius could never rest, has lately wrought out, and procured patents for, sundry new inventions.

Among the rest is one for digging sweet potatoes, which performs alone the labor of twenty-four negroes. Another is for gathering corn ; which will husk an acre completely, in one hour and fifteen minutes, carefully separating, at the same time, the sound ears from the refuse.

It is a good thing for the inhabitants of the different States to mingle together, not only in the way of commerce, business, and politics, but likewise in the nearer and sweeter intercourse of social and domestic life. It tends to wear away local asperities and to soften sectional prejudices. How can a Yankee, who has married a wife in the South, entertain harsh feelings towards that section of the country which has given him all he

holds dear? How can a woman, who has married a man from the North, feel aught but affection for that land which produced her other half, her second self, in the person of her husband and protector?—These will laugh at the little peculiarities of habit, custom and education; but they will not consider them as constituting any essential part of the head or the heart, the mind or the affections, of the people to whom they appertain.

For my part, I have long since *toted* all my prejudices to the moon, where I intend to let them rest, as well with the *things* that are lost on earth," as with the wooden out megs, the pork and molasses, and all such *things* as never had a being, except in the store-house of sectional fancy, or among the tibbets of local scandal. I love New England with all its Yankee notions, for it is the land of my birth, my childhood, my education; I love the hospitable South, in spite of its Nullification, for it is the birthplace of my wife, the home of my adoption.















